

# THE QUEEN.

OR THE  
EXCELLENCY  
OF HER  
SEX.

*An Excellent old Play.*

Found out by a Person of Honour, and gi-  
ven to the Publisher,  
ALEXANDER GOUGH.

---

Ἄνδρες ἔτ' ἄλλο τέταρτον ἐπὶ χθονὶ πελυστείῃ,  
Ζῶς Κρονίδης ποίησε διχαϊότερον, καὶ ἄρειον  
Ἡρώων δέῃον γένος, αἳ καλέονται  
Ἡμίθεαι.

Hesiod: lib: 1.

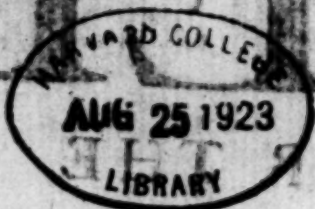
— Cedat jam Graia vetustas  
Peltatas mirata Nurus, jam Volsca Camillas  
Cedat, & Assyrias quæ fœmina flectit habenas  
Fama tace, Majore cano —

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LONDON,

Printed by T. N. for Thomas Heath, in Russel Street, Neer  
the Piazza of Covent-Garden, 1653.

14434, 30\*



Gift of  
Frank E. Chase

2 E X

Found out by a Person of Honour and  
 sent to the Publisher  
 ALEXANDER GORDON.

Codex 6. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 841. 842. 843. 84

ТОКУДО

Printed by T. M. for Thomas Heath, in Killy Street, New  
the Piazza of Covent-Garden, 1678.





TO THE  
VERTUOUSLY NOBLE AND  
TRULY HONORABLE LADY,

The Lady

CATHERINE MOHUN,

Wife to the Lord Warwick Mohun, Baron of  
Okehampton, my highly honored LORD.

*May it please your Ladiship,*



Adam, Imbolden'd by your accustomed candor and unmerited favours to things of the like nature, though disproportion'd worth: (Because this Excellency seems to contract those perfecti-  
ons her Sex hath been invested with, which are as essential to your Ladiship, as light to the Sun) I presumed to secure this innocent Orphan from the Thunder-shocks of the present blasting age, under the safe protecting wreath of your name; which (I am confident) the vertues of none can more justly challenge, then those of your Ladiship; who alone may seem to quicken the lifeless Scene, and to demonstrate its possibility; reducing Fables into Practicks; by making as great honour  
✓ A 2 visible

*The Epistle* DEDICATORY.

visible in the mirror of your dayly practise. Your pardon, Madam, for daring to offer such adulterate Metals, to so pure a Mine; for making the Shadow a present to the Substance; the thoughts of which was an offence, but the performance, a crime beyond the hopes of pardon. When my Fate had led me on the first, I deemed my self unsafe (with the Politician) should I not attempt the latter, Of curing one error, by fearing at a greater: but my duller eyes endured not the proof of so glorious a Test, and the waxed juncture of my ill contrived feathers set me into the fear of a fall: Therefore (with the most desperate offenders) I cast my self on the mercy of the Bench; and since I have so clement a Judge as your self, do not wholly despair of absolution, by reason my Penitential acknowledgment atones part of the offence; and your remission of the whole will eternally oblige,

MADAM,

*The humblest of your*

*Ladships Servants,*

ALEXANDER GOUGH.

TO



**To Mr. Alexander Gough upon his publishing**  
The excellent Play call'd the *Queen*;  
or the Excellencie of her Sex.

**I**F Playes be looking glasses of our lives  
Where dead examples quickning art revives:  
By which the players dresse themselves, and we  
By them may forme a living Imagry  
To let those sullied, lie in age in dust  
Or break them with pretence of fit and just.  
Is a rude cruelty, as if you can  
Put on the christian, and put off the man.  
But must all morall handsonnes undoe  
And may not be divine and civill too.  
What though we dare not say the Poets art  
Can save while it delights, please and convert;  
Or that blackfriers we heare which in this age  
Fell when it was a church, not when a stage,  
Or that the \* Presbiters that once dwelt there,  
Prayed and thriv'd though the playhouse were so neer.  
Yet this we dare affirme there is more gain  
In seeing men act vice then vertue faine;  
And he less tempts a danger that delights  
In profest players then close Hypocrites,  
Can there no favour to the scene be shown  
Because Jack Fletcher was a Bishops son,  
Or since that order is condemn'd doe you  
Think poets therefore Antichristian too;  
Is it unlawfull since the stage is down  
To make the press act: where no ladies sworne  
At the red coates intrusion: none are strip't;  
No Hystriomastix has the copy whip't  
No man d'on Womens cloth's: the guiltles presse  
Weares its own innocent garments: its own dresse,  
Such as free nature made it: Let it come  
Forth Midwife Gough, securely, and if some  
Like not the make or beaurie of the play  
Bear witnes to 't and confidently say  
Such a relict as once the stage did own  
Ingenuous Reader, merits to be known.

\* in the orig.  
nall it is Pu. i.  
ta. 15.

R. C.



For Plays.

**D**O you not Hawke? Why mayn't we have a Play?  
Both are but recreations. You'll say  
Diseases which have made Physitians dumb,  
By healthful excercise are overcome.  
And Crimes escap'd all other laws, have been  
Found out, and punish'd by the curious Scene.  
Are Stages hurtful for the ill they teach,  
And needless for the good? Which Pulpits preach:  
Then sports are hurtful, for the time they lose,  
And needless to the good, which labour does.  
Permit 'm both; or if you will allow  
The minde no Hawke, leave yours, and go to Plough.

EDMOND ROOKWOOD.

---

To Mr. Goughe, upon the publication of the Play,  
call'd, *the QUEEN, or the Excellency of*  
*her SEX.*

**G**OUGH E, In this little Present you create  
Your self a Trophée, may become a State;  
For you that preserve wit, may equally  
Be ranck'd with those defend our Liberty;  
And though in this ill treated Scene of sense,  
The general learning is but in pretence;  
Or else infus'd like th' Eastern Prophet's Dove,  
To whisper us, Religion, Honour, Love,

Yet



Yet the more Generous race of men revives  
This Lamp of Knowledge, and like Primitives  
In Caves, fearless of Martyrdom, rehearse  
The almost breathless, now, Dramatick verse.  
How in the next age will our Youth lament  
The loss of wit, condemn'd to banishment.  
Wit that the duller rout despise, 'cause they  
Miss it in what their Zealous Priests display :  
For Priests in melancholy Zeal admit  
Onely a grave formality for wit ;  
And would have those that govern us comply  
And cherish their fallacious tyranny.  
But wherein States can no advantage gain,  
They harmless mirth improperly restrain ;  
Since men cannot be naturally call'd free,  
If Rulers claim more then securitie.  
How happens then this rigour o're the Stage  
In this restor'd, free, and licentious age?  
For Plays are Images of life, and cheat  
Men into vertue, and in jest repeat  
What they most seriously think ; nor may  
We fear lest Manners suffer : every day  
Does higher, cunninger, more sin invent  
Then any Stage did ever represent.  
It may indeed shew evil, and affright,  
As we prize day by th' ugliness of night.  
But in the Theatre men are easier caught,  
Then by what is in clamorous pulpits taught.

T. C.



## Persons of the P L A Y.

**Q**ueen of Arragon.  
Petruchi, a Young Lord.  
Bufo, a Captain. } *Kings Party:*  
Pynto, an Astronomer.  
Muretto.  
Velasco, Queens General.  
Lodovico, his friend.  
Alphonso, afterwards King.  
Collumello, } *Connellers to the Queen.*  
Almado,  
Herophil, her Woman.  
Salassa, widow, Mistriss to Velasco.  
Shaparoon, her friend.  
Mopas, Velasco's man.  
Hangman.  
Messenger.  
Groom.  
Officers.







# The Queen.

## ACTUS PRIMUS.

Enter Petruchi with Bufo, Pyns and Muretto, in poor habite.

Petr. **A**LL free, and all forgiven.

Omnes. Bless her Majesty.

Petr. Henceforth (my friends) take heed how you so hazard Your lives and fortunes on the peevish motion. Of every discontent, you will not finde Mercy so rife at all times.

Muret. Gracious Sir! Your counsel is more like an Oracle. Then mans advice, for my part I dare speak For one, I rather will be rackt asunder. Then e're again offend to wile a Majesty.

Petr. 'Tis well. Your lives are once more made your own. I must attend the execution Of your Hon General each hilt now for your selves.

Bufo. Is he gone, ha, ha, ha!

We have the common Capony of the cleer heavens

Once more o're our heads, Sirs.

Muret. We are at liberty out of the Hangmans clutches, Now, mark, what good language and fair words

Will do, Gentlemen.

Pyn. Good language! O, let me go back and be hang'd, rather then live within the rotten infection of thy Cankred breath; the poyson of a flatterers tongue is a thousand times more deadly, then the twinges of a rope; Thou birth of an unlucky Planet:

I abhor thee.

Muret. Fy, fy! Can you rail on your friends thus.

Pyn. Friends, my friend! Captain, come from that slippery Ele, Captain. His very cradle was in dirt and mud; His milk the oyl of serpents; his mother a mangy Mermaid, and a male Crocodile begat him.

Muret. This needs not sweet, Signior Pyns.



# The QUEEN,

*Pyn.* Sweet Signior? Sweet Cog a foyft, go hang thy self, thou'lt jeer the very rags I wear off my back with thy fustians of sweet, precious, unmatched, rare, wise, judicious, hey do! Pox on thee; Sirrah, Sirrah, Hast not thou many a time and often devoured a whole table of mine, garnisht with plenty, nay; variety of good wholesome fare, under the colour of telling news with a roughly complement?

*Muret.* Good fare of thine!

*Buf.* Nay, dear Gentlemen.

*Pyn.* Mine! I mine, Sycophant, I (doft mark me) to supply thy torments, paid a whole study of Ephemerides, so rich, that they might have set up a Corporation of Almanack makers; and what had I in return? But protestations, (hear'st thou this maunderer) that I was, for learning, the soundest; for bounty, the royallest; for discourse, the sententious; for behaviour, the most absolute; for all endowments of minde and body, the most accomplit that nature ever call'd her workmanship: but thou dog, thou scoundrel, my beggery was the fruits of thy flattery. Stand off, Rascal, off.

*Buf.* This is excellent faith;

*Muret.* How, how? I flatter ye? What thee, thee? A poor lousy uncloakt impostor, a deceitful, conzening, cheating, dull decoying fortune teller; Thou pawn books; thou, patcht out of an old shepheards Calender, that discourtest in time of the change of the weather.

And whose were thy Ephemerides? Why, Impudence; wert thou ever worth *Erra Pater's* Prognostication? Thou learned! In what? By filching, stealing, borrowing, eating, collecting, and counting with ras weather-wise Ideots as thy self; once in twelve moneths thou wert indeed delivered, (like a big bellied wife) of a two penny Almanack, at Easter. A hospital boy in a blew coat shall transcribe as much in six hours to serve all the year. Thou a table of meat, yea, Astronomers fare, air; or at a feast upon high holy dayes, three red Sprats in a dish; that was held gultony too.

I flatter thee? Thou learned?

*Pyn.* Rascal, Cannibal that feedest upon mans flesh.

*Buf.* Nay, pray, pray heartily Gentlemen; in good earnest, and as I live, and by this hand now --

*Muret.* Right thou put'st me in minde what I should call thee; Who was't the cause of all the late insurrection for which we were all like to be hang'd, and our brave General *Alphonso* is this day to suffer for; who but thou, forsooth; the influences of the Stars, the conjunction of the Planers, the prediction of the celestial bodies were pe-remptory, that if a' would but attempt a civil commotion, a' should (I marry should a') be strait crown'd present King of Arragon. Now your Gipsonly may i'th moon, your divination hath fairly mounted him; poor Gentleman, he's sure to leave his head in pawn for giving credit to thy prognosticating ignorance.

*Pyn.* I scorn thee, Parasite.

*Muret.* You are a stinking starv'd-gut star-gazer. Is that flattery or no.

*Buf.* I foot, What do you mean, Signior *Pynto*, Signior *Mureto*?

*Pyn.* I will be reveng'd, and watch my time, Sirrah.

*Muret.* Do.

*Buf.* This is strange my Masters, to be so near the place of execution and prattle so loud; Come, Signior *Pynto*, indeed la you shall shake hands.

*Pyn.* Let me alone, y'are a foolish Captain. *Mureto*, I will display thee for a --

*Muret.* Hang thy self, I care not for thee this.

*Buf.* Foolish Captain, foolish Captain, heark ye, *Pynto*, there's no such good meaning in that word.

*Pyn.* A Parrat can echo, talk to Schollers so.

*Muret.* A proper Scholler, flitcht up of waste paper!

*Buf.* Sneaks, if I be a fool, I'll bang out the wits of some of your noddes, or dry bastinado your sides.

Ye Dogrel, maungy scabbed owla-glasses, I'H



## or the Excellency of her S E X.

I'll mawle yee, so I will.

*Muret.* Captain, sweet Captain, nay, look, now will you put your discretion to coxcombs?

*Buf.* Yes, the proudest coxcombs of 'em all, if I be provok'd; foolish, flesh and blood cannot endure.

*Muret.* So, Goodman sky walker, you have made a trim hand on't, to chase your self into a throat cutting.

*Buf.* I will shred you both so small, that a very botcher shall shred Spanish needles, with every fillet of your itchy flesh; call me foolish, ye whelps-meyles; my father was a Corn cutter, and my mother a muscle woman, 'tis known what I am, and I'll make you know what I am, If my choler be raised but one inch higher.

*Pyn.* Well, I see *Mars* and *Saturn*, were thy Planets.

Thou art a valiant souldier, and there's no dealing with ye. For the Captains sake, I will abate my indignation, *Muret.* But

*Buf.* But i'thy face, I'll have no buts, S' bores, the black guard is more honorably suted then any of us three. Foolish, foolish, will never out of my head whilst I live.

*Enter Velasco and Lodovico.*

*Muret.* Long life, eternal prosperity, the blessing o'th heavens, and honors of the Earth, crown the glorious merits of the incomparable, Captain Don *Velasco*.

*Pyn.* The Chime goes again, Captain.

*Velas.* Who are these poor Creatures, *Lodovico*.

*Lodov.* My Lord, I know them now, they are some of the late mutineers, whom you (when you took *Alphonso* prisoner) presented to the rigor of the Law, but since they are by the Queen's pardon set at liberty.

*Velas.* I should know yonder fellow.

Your name is *Bufo*, if I mistake not.

*Buf.* My name is my own name, Sir, and *Bufo* is my name, Sir; if any man shall deny it, I dare challenge him in de-

fence of my Godfathers that gave me that name, Sir; and what say you to that, Sir?

*Muret.* A shallow, unbrain'd, weak, foolish fellow, and so forth: Your lordship understands me;

But for our parts my good Lord--

*Velas.* Well, Gentlemen, I cannot tell you now,

That any poor endeavours of mine own Can work *Alphonso's* peace, yet I have spoke

And kneell'd and sued for his reprieve.

The Queen

Hath heard, but will not grant; This is the day,

And this the time, and place, where he must render

The forfeit of his life unto the Law.

I only can be sorry.

*Enter Petruchi, after the hangman, bearing the axe before Alphonso, with Officers.*

*Petr.* *Alphonso*, here's the place, and this the hour;

Your doom is past, and now the sword of Law

Must cut the vein that swell'd with such a frenzy

Of dangerous blood against your Queen and Country.

Prepare yourself, 'tis now too late to hope.

*Alph.* *Petruchi*, what is done I did, my ground

Was pity of my country, not malice to it.

I sought to free wrack'd *Arragon* from ruin;

Which a fond woman's government must bring.

O had you and the nobles of this land, A touch but of the miseries, her weakness

Must force ye of necessity to feel,

You would with me have bent your naked swords

Against this female Mistress of the Crown;

And not have been such children to have sawn'd



# THE QUEEN,

Upon a girls nodd.  
*Petr.* You are distracted ;  
 She is our lawful Sovereign, we her  
 Subjects.  
*Alph.* Subjects, *Petruchi*, abjects, and  
 to live ;  
 I come to die, on to the execution.  
*Pyn.* Here's a high Saturnal spirit,  
 Captain.  
*Buf.* Pox o' spirits when they mount  
 a man to the Hangmans mercy, I do not  
 like such spirits,  
 Let me rather be a moon calf.  
*Velas.* I come to bid farewell, and in  
 farewell,  
 To excuse my much ill fortune, for be-  
 lieve, Sir,  
 I hold my victory an overthrow.  
 To tell you how incessantly I ply'd  
 Her Grace, for your remission, were as  
 useless  
 As was my suit, I sorry for your youth.  
 Let's part yet reconcil'd.  
*Alph.* With all my heart ;  
 It is my glory, that I was reduc'd  
 By the best man at arms, that ever  
 knighthood  
 Hath stil'd a Souldier-- Alas! What  
 souls are those  
 Now, now, in seeing them I die too late.  
*Buf.* O brave General, O noble Gene-  
 ral, we are still the rags of the old Re-  
 giment. The truth on't is, we were loth  
 to leave thee, till thy head and shoul-  
 ders parted companies. But sweet good  
 dear General take courage, what, we  
 are all mortal men, and must every one  
 pass this way, as simple as we stand  
 here.  
*Alph.* Give me thy hand, farewell ; the  
 Queen is merciful in sparing you ; I have  
 not ought to give thee but my last  
 thanks.  
*Buf.* Blurt o' giving, our clothes are  
 paid for, and  
 A day will come shall quit us all.  
*Alph.* Art thou, and thou there too ;  
 well, leave thy art,  
 And do not trust the fixions of the stars.  
 They spoke no truth by me : My Lord  
*Velasco,*  
 That creature, there, *Muratto*, is a man

Of honest heart, for my sake take him to  
 you :  
 And now soft peace to all.  
*Pyn.* I will burn my books, forsware  
 the liberal sciences, and that is my reso-  
 lution.  
*Buf.* Go thy way for the arrantest  
 General, that ever led crew of brave  
 Sketdreus.  
*Petr.* Will you make ready, Sir.  
*Alph.* *Petruchi*, yes, I have a debt to  
 pay, 'tis natures due.  
 Fellow before thou ask my pardon, take  
 it ;  
 Refuse and speedy in thy fatal blow.  
*Hangm.* Never fear clean shaving, Sir.  
*Alph.* May I have leave to meditate ?  
*Petr.* You may.  
*Lodov.* A gallant resolution, even in  
 death.

*Enter Queen, Collummello, Almada,  
 Herophil, and attendants.*

*Col.* Stay execution 'tis her Highnes  
 pleasure ;  
*Alphonso* rise ye, and behold the Queen.  
*Alph.* Beshrew the voice of Majesty,  
 my thoughts  
 Were fixt upon an upper Region now,  
 And traffick not with Earth ; alas great  
 woman,  
 What newer tyranny, what doom, what  
 torments  
 Are borrowed from the conclave of that  
 hell,  
 Where legions of worse Devils, then are  
 in hell  
 Keep revels, a proud womans heart.  
 What plagues  
 Are broacht from thence to kill me ?  
*Pyn.* The moon is now Lady  
 of the ascendant, and the man } *Aside.*  
 will dye raving.  
*Alm.* Ey, *Alphonso*,  
 Will you commit another strange com-  
 motion  
 with your unruly tongue. And what  
 you cannot  
 Perform in act, attempt to do in words ?  
 A dying man be so uncharitable.  
*Alph.* Cry mercy, she is Queen of Ar-  
 ragen, And



## or the Excellency of her S E X.

And would with her own eyes (instead  
of masks

And courtly sports ) behold an act of  
death.

Queen, welcom, Queen, here quaff my  
blood like wine ;

And live a brave she tyrant.

*Qu.* Alas, poor man.

*Alph.* Poor man, that looks on me, de-  
lighted to destroy me.

*Bu.* Good boy i' faith, by this hand a  
speaks just as I would do, for all that he  
is so near being made puddings meat.

*Qu.* You are sorry  
For your late desperate rudeness, Are  
you not ?

*Alph.* By all my miseries these taunts  
are cruelty.

Worse then the Hangmans ax, I am not  
sorry,

Nay more, will not be sorry, know from  
me.

I hate your sex in general, not you  
As y'are a Queen, but as y'are a woman :  
Had I a term of life could last for ever,  
And you could grant it, yes, and would,  
yet all

Or more, should never reconcile my  
heart

To any she alive -- are ye resolved ?

*Qu.* His spirit flies out in his daring  
language.

*Alphonso* though the law require thy  
head,

Yet I have mercy where I see just cause :  
You'll be a new man ?

*Alph.* Oh ! A womans tongue  
Is sharper then a pointed steel; Tender,  
Madam,

I k'iss your Royal hand, and call you  
fair,

Affure this noble, this uncovered pre-  
sence,

That richest vertue is your bosoms re-  
nant,

That you are absolutely great and good;  
I'll flatter all the vices of your sex,

Protesting men are monsters, women  
Angels,

No light ones, but full weighty, natures  
best,

I'll proclaim lust a pitty, pride a hand-  
someness.

Deceit ripness of wit, bold scandalous  
scolding,

A bravery of spirit ; bloody cruelty,  
Masculine justice ; more I will maintain

That Queens are chief for rule, you  
chief of Queens,

If you'l but give me leave to die in  
peace.

Pray give me leave to die. Pray good  
now do,

What think ye, 'tis a Royal grant; hence-  
forth

Heaven be the rest you chose, but never  
come at.

A kinde farewell to all.

*Col.* Can you endure

To let a Rebel prate off with his head,  
And let him then dispute.

*Petr.* I should have us'd  
The priviledge of time, had I known  
this.

You must not talk so loud.

*Qu.* My Lords, a word :

What if we pardoned him, I think the  
nearness of his arrival to the stroke of  
death,

Will ever be a warning to his Loyalty.

*Alm.* How pardon him ! What means  
your Majesty ?

What can you hope from one so wholly  
drown'd

In melancholy and sower discontent ;  
That should he share the Crown, a'  
would imploy

On none but Apes and Flatterers.

*Velas.* Spare, my Lord

Such liberal censure, rather reyn the  
fury

Of Justice, then so spur it on. Great  
Mist'ris,

I will not plead my services, but urge  
The glories you may challenge by your  
mercy.

It will be a most sweet becoming act  
To set you in the Chronicles of memory.

*Qu.* *Velasco*, thou art not more brave  
in arms

To conquer with thy valour, then thy  
courtesie.

*Alphonso*, take thy life, who took thee  
prisoner,

Is now become thy spokesman.

*Alph.*



# The QUEEN,

*Alph.* Phew, mock not  
Calamity so grossly.

*Velas.* You are too desperate:  
The Queen hath freely pardoned you.

*Qu.* And more to purchase kinde opi-  
nion of thy Sex, our self will lend our  
help. Lords, all your hands.

*Lodov.* But is the Queen in earnest?

*Velas.* It becomes her,  
Mercy is God like.

*Qu.* Officers be gone. *Exit Officers*  
Such objects for a Royal presence are  
Unfit, here kiss our hand, we dare con-  
ceive

That 'twas thy hight of youth, not hate  
of us

Drew thee to those attempts, and both  
we pardon.

*Muret.* Do not the stars run a wrong  
byas now, Signior *Pynto*?

*Pyn.* *Venus* is Lady of the Ascendant,  
man. I knew if once he pass the fatal  
hour, the influence would work ano-  
ther way.

*Muret.* Very likely, your reasons are  
infallible.

*Qu.* What can our favours challenge.

*Alph.* More true service,  
True faith, true Love, then I have words  
to utter.

*Qu.* Which we accept, lead on, here  
ends this strife,  
When Law c'aves justice, mercy should  
grant life.

*Exit all but Pynto and his fellows.*

*Pyn.* Go thy waies for a sure sound  
brain'd piece whilst thou livest; *Pynto*,  
say I, now, now, now, am I an ass, now my  
Masters, hang your selves, 'S foot, I'll  
stand to't; that man whoever he be,  
(better or worse, all's one) who is not  
star wise, is natures fool; your Astro-  
mer hath the heavens, the whole globe  
of the earth, and the vast gulf of the  
Sea it self, for his proper kingdom, his  
fee-simple, his own inheritance, who  
looks any higher then the top of a stee-  
ple, or a may-pool, is worthy to die in  
a ditch. But to know the conjuncti-  
ons of the Planets, the influences of the  
celestial body, the harmony of the  
sphaeres, frost and snow, hail and tem-

pests, rain and sun-shine, nay, life and  
death; here's cunning, to be deep in  
speculation, to be groping the secrets  
of nature.

*Muret.* O, Sir, there, there, there.

*Pyn.* Let me alone, I say it my self,  
I know I am a rare fellow; why, look,  
look ye, we are all made, or let me be  
stew'd in Star-shut; pish, I am con-  
fident, and we shall all mount, be-  
leeve it.

*Buf.* Shall we, nay, then I am re-  
soly'd.

*Muret.* Frier Bacon was but a brazen  
head, in comparison of him.

*Buf.* But why should you not have said  
so much before, Goodman Jolthead?

*Muret.* Nay, look ye, Captain,  
there's a time for all things.

*Buf.* For all this, what will become  
of us; is the sign lucky to venture  
the begging of a cast sure? Let me be  
resolved of that once.

*Muret.* 'Twas wisely urg'd, Captain.

*Pyn.* Mans richest ornament is his na-  
kedness, Gentlemen, variety of clo-  
thing is the surquedry of fools; wise men  
have their proper solace in the linings  
of their mindes; as for fashions, 'tis a  
disease for a horse.

*Muret.* Never richer stuff came from  
man.

*Buf.* 'Zookes, 'tis a scurvy, a pocky, and  
a naked answer; a plague of all your  
sentences, whilst I am like to starve  
with hunger and cold,

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mes.* By your leave, Gentlemen, the  
Lord *Alphonso* hath sent you this purse  
of gold, commands ye to put your selves  
into costly futes, and repair to Court;

*All.* How! To Court!

*Mes.* Where you may happily see him  
Crowned King, for that's the common  
report; I was charg'd to urge you to  
be very speedy: farewell, Gentlemen.

*Exit:*

*Pyn.* What think ye now, my hearts  
of gold?

*Muret.* Hearts of gold indeed now,  
Signior.

*Pyn.*



## or the Excellency of her S E X.

*Pyn.* Pish, I am a coxcomb, I; Oh, the divinity of--

*Buf.* Bawll no more the weather's cold, I must have utensiles, follow your leader, ho. *Exit all.*

*Enter Velasco and Lodovico.*

*Velas.* Prethee perswade me not.

*Lodov.* You'll loose your honor.

*Velas.* I'd rather loose my honor than my faith;

O, *Lodovico*, thou art witness with me, that I have sworn, and pledg'd my heart, my faith to her deserving memory, whose beauty, is through the world unfollowed,

*Lodov.* Here the wisdom of sword men, They deal all by strength not policy. What exercise shall be gain'd, let me know that?

*Velas.* Excuse, why, *Lodovico*, I am sick, And I am sick indeed, sick to the soul.

*Lodov.* For a decay'd tilter, or a known Coward, this were tollerable now: But to the business; I have solicited your widow.

*Velas.* Will she not speak with me?

*Lodov.* Young Widows, and grave old Ones two, by your leave care not so much for talking; if you come once to them you must do, and do, and do again, Again, and again, all's two little, you'll finde it.

*Velas.* Come, friend, you mock my miseries.

*Lodov.* It's a fine laughing matter when the best and most approved souldier of the world, should be so heart-sick for love of a placket: Well I have sent your wife servant (for fools are best to be trusted in womens things) to my couzen *Shapardon*, and by him your second letter, you shall shortly hear what news: My couzen is excellently traded in these mortal businesses of flesh and blood, and will hardly come of with two denials.

*Velas.* If she prevail, *Lodovico*?

*Lodov.* What then? Ply your occupation when you come to't, 'tis a fit season of the year, women are honey moon if a man could jump with them at the

instant, and prick 'em in the right vains, else this Queen would never have sav'd a Traytor from the block, and suddenly made him her King and Husband. But no more of that, there's danger in't; Y'are sick you say?

*Velas.* Pierc't through with fiery darts, much worse then death.

*Lodov.* Why your onely present remedy is, then as soon as you can, to quench those fires in the warry Channels of qualification: soft, no more words, behold a prodegy.

*Flourish.*

*Enter Colonnello, Almada bare, Alphonso and the Queen Crowned, Herophil, Petrucci with a Guard, the King and Queen take their States.*

*All.* Long live *Alphonso* King of *Aragon*.

*Alph.* Then we are Sovereign.

*Qu.* As free, as I by birth:

I yeeld to you (my Lord) my Crown, my Heart,

My People, my Obedience; In exchange What I demand is Love.

*Alph.* You cannot miss it;

There is but one thing that all humane power

Or malice of the Devil could set a breach,

To work on for a breach 'twixt you and me.

*Qu.* One thing! Why, is there one thing then, my Lord?

*Alph.* Yes, and 'tis onely this; y'are still a woman.

*Qu.* A woman? Said you so, sir.

*Alph.* I confess

You have deserv'd more service, more regard

From me, in my particular, then life Can thank you for; and that you may conceive

My fair acknowledgment; although 'tis true,

I might command; yet I will make a suit,

An earnest suit &c.

*Alph.*



# The QUEEN,

*Qu.* It must then be granted.  
*Alph.* That to redeem a while some serious thoughts  
 Which have misdeem'd your sex. You'll be content  
 I be a married Batchelor one fennight.  
 You cannot but conceive.

*Col.* How's this?

*Petr.* Fine work.

*Qu.* Alas my Lord, this needs no publick mention.

*Alph.* Nay, Madam, hear me, That our  
 our Courts be kept  
 Under a several roof; that you and I  
 May not for such a short time, come together.

*Qu.* I understand you not.

*Alph.* Your patience, Madam,  
 You interrupt me, That no message pass  
 Of commendation, questioning our  
 healths,  
 Our sleeps, our actions, or what else belongs  
 To common civetise, 'twixt friend, and  
 friend.

You must be pleas'd to grant it, I'll have  
 it so.

*Qu.* No message of commends!

*Alph.* Phew, you demur,  
 It argues your distrust.

*Qu.* I am content  
 The King should be obeyed. Pray heaven  
 all be well.

*Alph. Velasco,* thou wer't he didst conquer me,  
 Didst take me prisoner? wer't in that the  
 means  
 To raise me up thus high. I thank thee  
 for't;

I thought to honour thee in a defence  
 Of the Queens beauty; but wee'l now  
 deferr't.

Yet hand your mistress, lead her to the  
 Court,  
 We and our Lords will follow, there  
 wee'l part;

A seven dayes absence cannot seem but  
 short. *Ex. all.*

## ACT II.

*Enter Shaparoone and Mopau.*

*Shap.* And as I said (nay pray my  
 friend be covered) the business hath  
 been soundly followed on my part.  
 Yet again, in good sooth, I cannot abide  
 you should stand bare before me to so  
 little purpose.

*Mop.* Manners is a Jewel (Madam) and  
 as for standing bare, I know there is some  
 difference, the putting down of a mans  
 cap, and the putting down of his breeches  
 before a reverend gentlewoman.

*Shap.* You speak very properly, there  
 is a great deal of difference indeed. But  
 to come to the point; Fy, what a stir  
 I had to make her to receive the letter,  
 and when she had received it, to open it,  
 and then to read it; nay, to read it again  
 and again; that as I am a very woman,  
 a man might have wrung my smock  
 dropping wet, with the pure sweat that  
 came from my body. Friend, I took such  
 pains with her. Oh my conscience, to  
 bear a child at those years would not  
 trouble me half so much as the delivery  
 of that letter did.

*Mop.* A man-child of my age perhaps,  
 Madam, would not.

*Shap.* Yet that were a sore burthen  
 for one that is not us'd to't, I may tell  
 you. O these coy girles are such wild  
 cattel to have dealing with.

*Mop.* What ancient Madams cannot  
 do one way, let them do another; she's  
 a rank Jade that being past the breeder,  
 cannot kick up her heels, wince, and  
 cry wee-hee: good examples cannot  
 chuse from ones elders, but work much  
 to the purpose, being well ply'd, and in  
 season.

*Shap.* In season? True, that's a chief  
 thing; yes, I'll assure you my friend, I  
 am but entering into eight and twenty.

*Mop.* Wants somewhat of that too, I  
 take it; I warrant ye your mark appears



## or the Excellency of her S E X.

pears yet to be seen for proof of your age, as plain as when you were but fifteen.

*Shap.* Truly, if it were well searcht, I think it does.

Your name is *Mopas*, you told me?

*Mop.* *Mopas* my name is, and yours Madam *Shaparoons* I was told.

*Shap.* A right Madam born I can assure ye.

*Mop.* Your Ancestors will speak that, for the *Shaparoons* have ever took place of the best French-hoods in the parish; ever since the first addition.

*Shap.* All this with a great deal of modesty I must confess. *Ud's* Pittikins, stand by, aside a little: see where the lady comes; do not appear before you are call'd, in any case: but mark how I will work her like wax.

*Enter Salassa reading a letter.*

*Salas.* Your servant in all commands *Velasco*. So, and I am resolved to put ye to the test, servant, for your free fools heart, e're I give you the slip, I warrant ye.

*Shap.* Your ladyship hath considered the premises e're this time, at full, I hope.

*Salas.* O, *Shaparoons*, you keep true sentinel; what? I must give certain answer; must I not?

*Shap.* Nay, Madam, you may chuse, 'tis all in your Ladyships discreet consideration. The sum of all is, that if you shew him not some favour, he is no long lives man.

*Salas.* Very well; how long have you been a factress for such Merchants, *Shaparoons*.

*Shap.* O my Religion! I a factress? I am even well enough serv'd for my good will; and this is my requital. Factress, quoth you?

*Salas.* Come, your intercession shall prevail, which is his letter carrier?

*Mop.* At your ladyships service.

*Salas.* Your Lord *Velasco* sent you?

*Mop.* Most true, sweet madam.

*Salas.* What place hold you about him?

*Mop.* I am his Drugster, Madam.

*Salas.* What Sir?

*Mop.* Being hard bound with melancholy, I give him a purge, with two or three soluble stools of laughter.

*Salas.* Belike you are his fool, or his jester.

*Mop.* Jester if you please, but not fool, Madam; for bables belong to fools, and they are then onely fit for ladies secrecies, not for Lords.

*Salas.* But is he indeed sick of late?

*Shap.* Alas good heart, I suffer for him.

*Enter Lodovico.*

*Lodov.* By your leave lady, without ceremony, you know me, and may guess my errand.

*Salas.* Yet more trouble, nay, then I shall be hail-shor.

*Lodov.* To be brief. By the honors of a good name, you are a dry-skin'd widow, and did not my haste concern the life of the noblest Gentleman in Europe, I would as much scorn employments of this nature to you, as I do a proud woman of your condition.

*Mop.* I marry here's one will thunder her widow-head into flitters: stand to't, Signior, I am your second.

*Salas.* Sir y'are uncivil to exclaim against a lady in her own house.

*Lodov.* A lady, yet a paraquitto, peepingjay, your whole worth lies in your gay out side, and your squawling tongue.

A Wagtail is a glorious fowl in respect of many of ye.

Though most of ye are in nature as very fowl as wagtayles.

*Salas.* Are such as you the Lord *Velasco's* agents in his hot affection?

*Shap.* Sweet cousin, *Lodovico*, pray now, the lady is most vertuously resolved.

*Mop.* Heark ye middle-ag'd countess, do not take anothers tale into your mouth, I have occasion to use you in private, and can finde you work enough my self, a word in your ear.

*Salas.* I protest, I meant more noble  
C answer



# The QUEEN,

answer for his satisfaction, then ever your railing language shall force from me.

*Lodov.* Were I the man that doated on you, I would take a shorter course with you, then to come humbly whining to your sweet--pox of all such ridiculous foppery--I would--

*Salaf.* Weep your self to death, and be chronicled among the regiment of kinde tender hearted souls.

*Lodov.* Indeed, forsooth, I would not; what, for a widdow one that hath jump't the old moyles trot, so oft, that the scitica founders her yet in both her thighs.

*Salaf.* You abuse me grossly.

*Lodov.* One that hath been so often drunk with satiety of pleasure, that fourteen husbands are but as half a draught to quench her thurst in an afternoon.

*Salaf.* I will no longer endure ye.

*Lodov.* For you, you? That are neither noble, wife, rich, fair, nor well-favoured. For you?

*Mop.* You are all these, if you can keep your own counsell and let no body know, Mistris Madam.

*Shap.* Nay I am so perswaded, and assure your self no body shall know.

*Lodov.* Yet forsooth, must you be the onely precious piece the Lord *Velasco* must adore, must dye for. But I vow, if he do miscarry, (as I fear he cannot recover.)

*Salaf.* Goodness forbid, Alas! Is he sick, sir?

*Lodov.* Excellent dissimulation! Yes sure, he is sick, and an everlasting silence strike you dumb that are the cause on't. But, as I said, if he do go the wrong way, as I love vertue, your ladieship shall be ballated through all Christendom, and sung to scirry tunes, and your picture drawn over every ballad, sucking of rotten eggs among wheasels.

*Salaf.* Pray give me leave; Is Lord *Velasco* sick? And lies there ought in me to comfort, or recover him?

*Lodov.* Marry does there, the more Infidel he: And what of all this now?

*Salaf.* What would you have me do?

*Lodov.* Wonders, either go and visit him, or admit him to visit you; these are mighty favours are they not?

*Salaf.* Why, good Sir, I will grant the later willingly; he shall be kindly welcome.

*Lodov.* And laugh at while he is here: shall a not?

*Salaf.* What would you have me say? My best entertainment shall be open to him; I will discourse to him freely, if he requires it privately: I will be all what in honour I should.

*Lodov.* Certifie him so much by letter.

*Salaf.* That cannot stand with my modesty, my word and truth shall be my gage.

*Lodov.* Enough, do this, and by this hand I'll ask you pardon for my rudeness, and ever heartily honour you.

*Mop.* I shall hear from you when my leasures serves.

*Shap.* Most assuredly. Good destinies speed your journey.

*Mop.* All happiness ride ever before you, your disgraces behinde you, and and full pleasure in the midst of ye.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Bufo in fresh apparel, ushering:  
Herophil.*

*Her.* My over kinde, Captain, what would you say?

*Bufo.* Why, Mistris, I would say, as a man might say forsooth, indeed I would say.

*Her.* What, Captain?

*Bufo.* Even whatsoever you would have me to say, forsooth.

*Her.* If that be all, pray say nothing.

*Bufo.* Why look ye, Mistris, all what I say if you mark it well, is just nothing; As for example, To tell you that you are fair, is nothing, for you know it your self; to say you were honest, were an indignity to your beauty, and upon the matter nothing, for honesty in a fair woman is as good as nothing.

*Her.* That is somewhat strange to be proved.

*Bufo.* To a good wit, dear Mistris, nothing's impossible.

*Her. Sure*



## or the Excellency of her SEX.

*Her.* Sure the Court and your new clothes have infected you: Would I were a purse of gold, for your sake, Captain, to reward your wit.

*Buf.* I would you were, mistress, so you were not counterfeit metal, I should soon try you on the too true touchstone of my affections, indeed forsooth.

*Her.* Well, witty Captain, for your love I must pass away in debt, but will not fail to think on't. But now I am in haste.

*Buf.* If you would but grant me but one poor request, before you go, I should soon dispatch and part.

*Her.* Name it, Captain.

*Buf.* Truly, and as I live, 'tis a very small trifle for your part, all things considered.

*Her.* But cannot you tell what it is?

*Buf.* That were a fine jest indeed, why, I would desire, intreat, and beseech you.

*Her.* What to do?

*Buf.* There you have it, and thank you too.

*Her.* I understand you nor.

*Buf.* Why, To do with you, forsooth, to do with you.

*Her.* To do what?

*Buf.* In plain words, I would commit with you, or as the more learned phrased it, if you be pleased to consent, I would ravish you.

*Her.* Fy, fy, Captain, so unseemly, you made me blush.

*Buf.* Do I say; why, I am glad I have it for you: Souldiers are hot upon service, mistress, and a wise mans bolt is soon shot; as the proverb says:

*Her.* Good Captain, keep up your bolt till I am at leisure to stand fair for your mark. If the Court Stations prove all for rank, I will vow all to ride henceforth upon an ass; so, Captain, I must leave you. *Exit Herophil.*

*Buf.* Fare-wel heartily to you forsooth.

Go thy waies for as true a Mistress as ever fowled clean Napary. This same whorson Court diet, cost, lodging, change of

clothes, and ease, have addicted me villanously to the itch of concupiscence.

*Enter Alphonso; Pyn to and Mureto complementing on either side of him.*

*Alph.* They all shall not intreat me.

*Muret.* Your Majesty were no King, if your own will were not your own law.

*Pyn.* Always, my Lord, observing the domination of the Planets: As if *Mars* and *Venus* being in conjunction, and their influence working upon your frailty; then in any case you must not resist the motion of the celestial bodies.

*Muret.* All which (most gracious Sovereign) this most famous Scoller will at a minute foretel.

*Buf.* All hail to the King himself, my very good Liege, Lord, and most-gracious benefactor.

*Alph.* What need I other counsellors then these.

Shall I be forc't to be a womans slave? That may live free, and hate their fickle sex.

*Muret.* O 'tis a glorious vertue in so magnificent a Prince to abstain from the sensual surfers of fleshly and wanton appetites.

*Alph.* I finde the inclination of such follies.

Why, what are women?

*Buf.* Very pleasant pretty necessary toys, an't please your Majesty; I my self could pass the time with them, as occasion might serve, eight and forty hours out right, one to one alwaies provided.

*Pyn.* Yet of all the seven planets, there are but two women among them, and one of them two is chaste, which is, as good as if shee were a boy.

*Muret.* That is not to be questioned; the best of women are but troubles and vexations, 'tis man that retains all true perfection, and of all men your Majesty.

*Enter Almada and Colsumello.*

*Alph.* Ye are too rude to enter on our privacies,



# The QUEEN,

without our license, speak, your business Lords.

*Alm.* We came from your most virtuous Queen.

*Alph.* No more.

*Col.* A month is well nigh past; and yet you slack

Your love to her: What mean you, sir, so strangely

To slight a wife whose griefs grow now too high,

For womanhood to suffer.

*Alm.* Is't your pleasure To admit her to your bosom?

*Alph.* Y'are too sawcy. Return, and quickly too, and tell her thus;

If she intend to keep her in our favour, Let us not see her.

*Col.* Say you so, Great Sir;

You speak it but for tryal

*All.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Col.* O, Sir, remember what you are, and let not

The insinuations of these servile creatures,

Made onely men by you, sooth and traduce

Your safety to a known and willful danger.

Fix in your thoughts the ruine you have seap't;

Who freed you; who hath rais'd you to this height,

And you will then awake your judgments eye:

The Commons murmur, and the streets are fill'd

With busie whispers: Yet in time recal Your violence.

*Alph.* As I am King, the tongue Forfeits his head that speaks another word.

*Muretto.* Talk we not now like a King?

*Muret.* Like one that hath the whole World for his proper Monarchy, and it becomes you Royally.

*Enter Queen, Petruchi, and Herophil.*

*Bis.* The Queen, and my Mistis; O brave, we shall have some doings hard to hand now, I hope.

*Alph.* What means the woman? Ha! Is this the duty

Of a good wife, we sent not for you, did we?

*Qu.* The more my duty that I came unsent for;

Wherein my gracious Lord have I offended?

Wherein have I transgressed against thy laws

O sacred Marriage? To be sequestred

In the first spring and April of my joys

From you, much dearer to me, then my life?

By all the honour of a spotless bed, Shew me my fault, and I will turn away, And be my own swift executioner.

*Alph.* I take that word. Know then you married me

Against my will, and that's your fault

*Qu.* Alas! Against your will? I dare not contradict

What you are pleased to urge. But by the love

I bare the King of Arragan, (an oath

As great as I can swear by) I conceiv'd

Your words to be true speakers of your heart,

And I am sure they were; you swore they were.

How should I but believe, that lov'd so dearly?

*Alph.* Come then you are a trifier, for by this

I know you love me not.

*Qu.* Is that your fear?

Why la now, Lords, I told you that the King

Made our division but a proof of faith.

Kinde husband, now I'm bold to call you so;

Was this your cunning to be jealous of me

So soon? We women are fine fools

To search mens pretty subtilties.

*Muret.* You'll scarce finde it so *Aside.*

*Alph.* She would perswade mee strangely.

*Qu.* Prethee, Sweet heart, Force not thy self to look so sadly; troth It sures not with thy love, 'tis well. Was this

Your



## or the Excellency of her S E X.

Your fennights respire? Yet, as I am a  
Queen,

I fear'd you had been in earnest.

*Alph.* Earnest: Hence

Monstrous enchantress, by the death I  
owe

To Nature, thou appear'st to me in this  
More impudent then impudence, the  
ryde

Of thy luxurious blood is at the full;  
And cause thy raging plurisie of lust  
Cannot be sated by our royal warmth,  
Thou tri'st all cunning petulent charms  
to raise

A wanton devill up in our chaste brest.  
But we are Canon-proof against the shot  
Of all thy arts.

*Qu.* Was't you spoke that, my Lord?

*Pyn.* *Phaeton* is just over the orb of  
the moon, his horses are got loose, and  
the heavens begin to grow into a com-  
bustion.

*Alph.* I'll sooner dig a dungeon in a  
mole-hill,

And hide my crown there, that both  
fools and children

May trample o're my Royalty, then ever  
Lay it beneath an antick womans feet.

Couldst thou transhape thy self into a  
man,

And with it be more excellent then man  
Can be; yet since thou wer't a woman  
once,

I would renounce thee.

*Petr.* Let the King remember

It is the Queen he speaks too.

*Alph.* Pish, I know

She would be well contented but to  
live

Within my presence; not for love to me,  
But that she might with safety of her  
honour,

Mix with some hot vein'd letcher, whose  
prone lust

Should feed the rank impostume of de-  
fires,

And get a race of bastards, to whose  
birth

I should be thought the Dad. But thou,  
thou woman,

E're I will be the cloak to thy false play,  
I'll couple with a witch, a hag; for if

Thou canst live chaste, live by thy self  
like me.

Or if thou wouldst perswade me that  
thou lov'st me,

See me no more, never. From this time  
forth

I hate thy sex; of all thy sex, thee worst.

*Exit Alphonso, Buso, Pynio.*

*Alm.* Madam, dear Madam, yet

Take comfort, time will work all for the  
best

*Qu.* Where must I go?

*Col.* Y'are in your own Kingdom, 'tis  
your birth-right,

We all your Subjects; not a man of us,  
But to the utmost of his life, will right  
Your wrongs against this most unthank-  
ful King.

*Qu.* Away, ye are all Traytors to pro-  
fane

His sacred merits with your bitter terms.  
Why, am I not his Wife? A wife must  
bear

Withal what likes her Lord t'upbraid  
her with,

And yet 'tis no injustice. What was't  
he said?

That I no more should see him, never,  
never.

There I am quite divorst from all my  
joys,

From all my paradise of life. Not see  
him?

'Twas too unkinde a task. But he com-  
manded

I cannot but obey. Where's *Herophil*?

*Her.* Here Madam.

*Qu.* Go hang my Chamber all with  
mourning black;

Seal up my windows, let no light survey,  
The subtle rapers that must eye my  
griefs.

Get from me Lords, I will defie ye all,  
Y'are men, and men (O me) are all un-  
kinde.

Come hither *Herophil*, spread all my  
robes,

My jewels and apparel on the floor,  
And for a Crown get me a Willow  
wreath:

No, no, that's not my colour, buy me a  
veil

In-



# The QUEEN,

Ingrayn'd in tawny. Alas, I am forsaken,  
And none can pity me.

*Petr.* By all the faith  
I owe to you my sovereign, if you please  
To enjoy me any service, I will prove  
Most ready and most true,

*Qu.* Why should the King  
Despise me? I did never cross his will,  
Never gain said his, yea; yet sure I fear  
He hath some ground for his displeasure.

*Her.* None,  
Unless because you sav'd him from the  
block.

*Qu.* Art thou a pratler too? Peace,  
*Herophil,*  
Tempt not a desperate woman. No man  
here

Dares do my last commends to him.

*Muret.* If your excellent Majesty  
please to repose confidence in me; I will  
not onely deliver him your commendations,  
but think my self highly dishonored,  
if he return not his back to you by  
letter.

*Petr.* Off beast, made all of baseness,  
do not grieve  
Calamity, or as I am a knigh,  
I'll cut thy tongue out.

*Muret.* Sweet Signior, I protest--

*Exit Muretto.*

*Petr.* Madam, beleeve him not, he is a  
Parasite;

Yet one the King doth dore on.

*Qu.* Then bestrew ye,  
You had not us'd him gently, had I  
known't,  
I would have kneell'd before him, and  
have sent

A handful of my tears unto the King.

Away, my Lords, here is no place to  
revel

In our discomfits. *Herophil,* let's hast,  
That thou and I may heartily like wi-  
dows

Bewail my bridal mockt Virginity.

*Col.* Let's follow her my lords; I fear  
to late

The King will yet repent these rude di-  
visions.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Velasco, Lodovico, Mopas.*

*Lodov.* Complement? 'Tis for Bar-  
bors shops; know your own worth, you

Speak to a frail commodity; and barter't  
away roundly, my Lord.

*Velas.* She promis'd free discourse?

*Lodov.* She did: Are ye answer'd?

*Enter Salassa, Shapardon.*

*Shap.* Madam, my Lord *Velasco* is  
come, use him nobly and kindly, or--  
I say no more.

*Salas.* To a poor widow's house my  
Lord is welcom.

Your lordship honours me in this fa-  
vor; in what thankful entertainment I  
can, I shall strive to deserve it.

*Shap.* Your sweet lordship is most  
heartily welcom, as I may say.

*Mop.* Instead of a letter, Madam good-  
face, on my Lord's behalf, I am bold to  
salute you.

*Lodov.* Madam *Salassa*, not distrusting  
the liberty you granted, now you and  
my Lord are in you own house, we will  
attend yee in the next room; Away,  
Couzen; follow, firrah.

*Shap.* It is a woman part to come be-  
hinde.

*Mop.* But for two men to pass in be-  
fore one woman, 'tis too much a con-  
science; on reverend antiquity.

*Exit Lodovico, Shapardon, Mopas.*

*Salas.* What is your lordships plea-  
sure?

*Velas.* To rip up  
A story of my fate. When by the Queen  
I was imploy'd against the late Commo-  
tioners,

(Of whom the now King was chief Lea-  
der) then

In my return you pleas'd to entertain  
me

Here in your house.

*Salas.* Much good may it do your  
lordship.

*Velas.* But then, what conquest gain'd  
I by that conquest,

When here mine eyes, and your com-  
manding beauty

Made me a prisoner to the truest love,  
That ever warm'd a heart.

*Salas.* Who might that be?

*Velas.* You, Lady, are the deity I  
adore,

Have



or the Excellency of her S E X.

Have kneell'd too in my heart, have  
vow'd my soul to,  
In such a debt of service, that my life  
Is tenant to your pleasure.

*Salas.* Phew, my Lord;

It is not nobly done to mock me thus.

*Velas.* Mock you? Most fair *Salassa*,  
if e're truth

Dwelt in a tongue, my words and  
thoughts are twins.

*Salas.* You wrong your honor in so  
mean a choice.

Can it be though, that that brave man,  
*Velasco*,

Sole Champion of the world, should  
look on me?

On me, a poor lone Widow? 'Tis im-  
possible.

*Velas.* I am poorer

In my performance now, then ever; so  
poor,

That vows and protestations want fit  
credit

With me to vow the least part of a  
service

That might deserve your favour.

*Salas.* You are serious?

*Velas.* Lady, I wish that for a present  
tryal,

Against the custome of so sweet a na-  
ture,

You would be somewhat cruel in com-  
mands.

You dare not list the honor of my  
faith

By any strange injunction, which the  
speed

Of my glad undertaking should not  
cheerfully

Attempt, or perish in the sufferance of it.

*Salas.* You promise Lordly.

*Velas.* You too much distrust

The constancy of truth.

*Salas.* It were unnoble,

On your part to demand a gift of  
bounty,

More then the freedom of a fair allow-  
ance,

Confirm'd by modesty and reason's war-  
rant

Might without blushing yeeld unto.

*Velas.* Oh, fear not,

For my affections aim at chaste contents;  
Not at unruly passions of desire.

I onely claim the title of your servant,  
The flight of my ambitions soars no  
higher,

Then living in your grace, and for in-  
couragement

To quicken my attendance now and  
then

A kinde untravist kiss.

*Salas.* That's but a fee,

Due to a fair deserver: but admit

I grant it, and you have it; may I then

Lay a light burthen on you.

*Velas.* What is possible

For me to venture on, by how much  
more

It carries danger in't; by so much more

My glorie's in the atchievement.

*Salas.* I must trust ye.

*Velas.* By all the vertues of a Souldi-  
ers name,

I vow and sware.

*Salas.* Enough, I take that oath:

And thus my self first do confirm your  
warrant.

*Velas.* I feel new life within me.

*Salas.* Now be Steward,

For your own store, my lord, and take  
possession

Of what you have purchased freely:

*Velas.* With a joy.

As willing as my wishes can arrive at.

*kisses her.*

*Salas.* So, I may claim your oath now.

*Velas.* I attend it.

*Salas.* *Velasco*, I do love thee, and am  
jealous

Of thy spirit, which is hourly apt

To catch at actions; if I must be Mistress

Of thee and my own will, thou must be  
subject

To my improvements.

*Velas.* 'Tis my souls delight.

*Salas.* Y'are fam'd the onely fighting

Sir alive;

But what's this; if you be not false to me.

*Velas.* By all

*Salas.* you shall not sware, take heed of  
perjury.

So much I fear your safety, that I com-  
mand,

For



# The QUEEN,

For two years space, you shall not wear a sword,

A dagger, or stelletto; shall not fight  
On any quarrel be it neer so just.

*Velas.* Lady!

*Salas.* Hear more yet; if you be baffled,  
Rail'd at, scorn'd, mock'd struck, baff'd,  
kick'd,

*Velas.* (O Lady!)

*Salas.* Spit on, revil'd, challeng'd, pro-  
vok'd by fools,

Boyes, anticks, cowards.

*Velas.* ('Tis intollerable.)

*Salas.* I charge you (by your oath) not  
to reply

In word, deed, look: and lastly, I con-  
jure ye

Never to shew the cause to any living  
By circumstance or by equivocation;  
Nor till two years expire to motion  
love.

*Velas.* Why do you play the Tyrant  
thus?

*Salas.* 'Tis common

T'observe how love hath made a Co-  
ward valiant;

But that a man as daring as *Velasco*,  
Should to express his duty to a Mistris,  
Kneel to his own disgraces, and turn  
Coward,

Belongs to me and to my glories onely;  
I'm Empress of this miracle. Your oath  
Is past, if you will lose your self you  
may.

How d'ee, Sir?

*Velas.* Woman thou art vain and  
cruel.

*Salas.* Wilt please your lordship tast  
a cup of wine,  
Or stay and sup, and take a hard bed  
here?

Your friends think we have done  
strange things this while.

Come let us walk like Lovers: I am pit-  
tiful,

I love no quarrels.

*Velas.* Triumph in my ruins.

There is no act of folly but is common  
In use and practise to a scornful woman.

*Exeunt.*

## A& III.

*Enter Alphonso, Almada, Muretto,  
Bufo, Pynro, and attendants.*

*Alph.* You have prevail'd, yet e're you  
came (my Lord)

*Muretto*, here this right, right, honest  
man

Confirm'd me throughly, now to witness  
further

With what a gratitude I love the  
Queen.

Reach me a bowle of wine.

*Alm.* Your Majesty more honors me,  
in making me the Messenger of this most  
happy concord, then addition of great-  
ness can express.

*Muret.* I ever told you,  
How you would his Grace, inclin'd at  
last

*Pyn.* The very *Jove* of benignity, by  
whose gentle aspect the whole sphere of  
this Court and Kingdom are (like the  
lesser orbes) moved round in the har-  
mony of affability.

*Enter one with wine.*

*Alph.* My Lord *Almado*, health unto  
your Mistris,

A hearty health, a deep one.

*Alm.* upon my knee

My duty gladly answers *drinks.*

*Alph.* Give him wine.

There's not a man whoever in our  
Court

(Greater or meaner) but shall pledge  
this health,

In honor of our Queen, our vertuous  
Queen.

Commend us, and report us as you  
finde.

*Alm.* Great Sir, I shall with joy.

*Alph.* *Bufo* and *Pynro*,

All in, and drink, drink deep, let none  
be spar'd,

Comers or goers, none.

*Buf.* Away my heart.

*Pyn.* Wee'll tickle it till the welkin  
bluske



## or the Excellency of her S E X.

blusfle again, and all the fixt Stars dance  
the old measures.

*Muret.* I shall attend to wait upon  
your lordship to the Caraoch. *Exeunt.*

*Manet Alphonso.*

*Alph.* So, so, far reaching pollicy, I  
adore thee,  
Will hug thee as my dearling  
Shallow fools  
Dive not into the pitch of regular Sta-  
tists.  
Henceforth my Stratagem's of scorn and  
hatred  
Shall kill in smiles. I will not strike  
and frown,  
But laugh and murther.

*Enter Muretto.*

*Alph.* Welcom, are we safe?

*Muret.* Most free from interruption:  
The Lord *Velasco* is newly entred the  
Court; I have given the watch word that  
they ply him mainly; the conclusion (I  
know cannot but break off in hurle-  
burly.

*Alph.* Good, good, I hate him mortal-  
ly. 'Twas he  
Slaved me to th' hangmans ax: But now  
go on;

*Petruchi* is the man, you say, must stand  
The Champion of her lust.

*Muret.* There may be yet vertuous in-  
tention even in bad actions, in lewd  
words, I urge no further then likely-  
hoods may inform.

*Alph.* Phew, that's thy nobleness: But  
now *Muretto*,  
The eye of luxury speaks loud in si-  
lence.

*Muret.* Why look ye, Sir, I must con-  
fess I observ'd some odd amorous glan-  
ces, some sweet familiar courteous toy-  
ing smiles; a kinde of officious bold-  
ness in him, Princelike and Queenlike  
allowance of that boldness in him again;  
somerimes I might warily overhear her  
whispers. But what of all this? There  
might be no harm meant.

*Alph.* Fy, no, the grafting of my fore-  
head, nothing else.

Grafting, grafting, *Muretto*, A most Gen-  
tleman-like exercise; a very mystery be-  
longs to't.

And now and then they walk thus, arm  
in arm, twist fingers: ha. Would they  
not *Muretto*?

*Muret.* 'Tis wondrous fit a great  
Queen should be supported, Sir; and  
for the best lady of 'em all, to discourse  
familiarily with her supporter; is court-  
ly and passing innocent.

*Alph.* She and *Petruchi* did so?

*Muret.* And at her passing to her pri-  
vate lodgings, attended onely with her  
lady in ordinary. *Petruchi* alone went  
in before her.

*Alph.* Is't true! Went in before her!  
Canst prove that?

*Muret.* Your Majesty is too quick, too  
apprehensive of the worst: I meant he  
perform'd the office of an Usher.

*Alph.* Guilty apparently: Monstrous  
woman! Beast!

Were these the fruits of her dissembling  
tears!

Her puling, and her heart sighs. But,  
*Muretto*.

I will be swift *Muretto*, swift and ter-  
rible.

*Muret.* I am such another Coxcomb;  
O my side too.

Yet faith, let me perswade ye; I hope  
your wife is vertuous.

*Alph.* Vertuous? The Devil she is, 'tis  
most impossible.

What kifs and toy, wink, prate, yet be  
vertuous?

*Muret.* Why not Sir? I think now a  
woman may lie four or five nights toge-  
ther with a man, and yet be chaste;  
though that be very hard, yet so long as  
'tis possible, such a thing may be.

*Alph.* I have it, wee'll confer; let's  
stand aside.

*Enter Bufo and another Groom with wine,  
both drunk; Bufo handing Velasco  
by the shoulders.*

*Bufo.* Not drink more? By this hand  
you shall drink eleven whole healths,  
if your cap be wooll or beaver; and  
that's my resolution.

*Gre.* Sfoot, eleven score, without  
dishonor be it spoken to any mans per-  
son out of this place.

D *Velas.* Prethee,



# The QUEEN,

*Velas.* Prethee, I can no more, 'tis a profession

I dare not practice, nay, I will not.

*Buf.* How will not? Not her Queen-  
ships health?

Hark ye, thy flinching and unwholesome  
word--

will not-- You will not-- You say you  
will not?

*Velas.* I say so, pray be answer'd.

*Gro.* Pox of all flinchers; if a' say  
a will not,

Let him chuse, like an arrant dry lord  
as he is.

*Buf.* Give me the bowl, I must be va-  
liant.

You, Sirrah, man at arms; Here's a ca-  
rouse

To the King, the Queen, and my self.

*Gro.* Let it come, I'll have that i' faith,  
Sweet, sweet, sweet, Captain.

*Buf.* Hold, give the lord first, drink it  
up lord, do, ump.

*Velas.* Away I say, I am not in the  
tune.

*Buf.* Tune, tune? 'Sblood, d'ee take  
us for fiddlers, scrappers, rime canterers by  
tune? By this light, I'll scourge ye like  
a town top: Look ye, I am urg'd--  
Ump--And there's a side blow for ye,  
like a sober thing as ye are.

*Gro.* well done i' faith, precious Cap-  
tain.

*Velas.* Dar'st thou do this to me know-  
ing who I am?

*Buf.* Yes, in the way of daring, I  
dare kick you thus, thus, Sir up and  
down. There's a jolt on the bum too:  
How d'ee like it?

*Velas.* 'Tis well! You use the privi-  
ledge of the place.

There was a time the best of all this  
Court

Durst not have lift a hand against me  
then.

But I must bear it now.

*Alph.* Is not this strange *Mureto*?

*Muret.* I can scanty credit mine own  
eyes: The Captain follows his instru-  
ctions perfectly.

*Buf.* Nor drink? Mahound, Infidel.  
I will fillip thy nose, spit in thy face,

*Mungrel*; brave, a Commander, ha?

*Velas.* O woman--woman--woman.

*Buf.* That's a lie, a stark one, 'tis  
known: I nere was a woman in my life.  
I am weary beating of him, and can  
stand no longer. *Groom*, kick him thou  
up and down in my behalf; or by this  
flesh I'll swinge you, sirrah.

*Gro.* Come aloft, Jackanapes: come  
aloft, sirrah. *kicks, beates him.*

*Alph.* Why sure *Velasco* dares not  
fight.

*Muret.* It must be some or other hath  
bewitched him.

*Enter Pynno.*

*Pyn.* Avant, I saw twelve dozen of  
Cuckolds in the middle region of the  
air, galloping on a black Jack, Eastward  
ho. It is certain that every dozen went  
for a company, and they are now be-  
come a corporation. *Aries* and *Taurus*,  
the Bull and the Ram, two head signs,  
shall be henceforth their recognizances,  
set up in the grand hall of their politick  
convocations--whirr, whirr, there,  
there, just under the rainbow ambles  
*Mercury*, the thin bearded thief that  
stole away the Drappers wife, while the  
good man was made drunk at the Still-  
yard, at a beaver of Dutch bread and  
Rhenish wine, and lay all night in pure  
Holland in's stockings and shoes. Pish,  
Talk not to me, I will maintain against  
the Universities of both the *Indies*, that  
one Aldermans horse is more right wor-  
shipful, then any six Constables, brown  
bills and all. Now, now, now, my  
brains burn in Sulphur, and thus will I  
stark about, and swim through a whole  
Element of danty, heat, brisk, rich  
claret, canary, or maligo. Am not I  
*Pynno*, have not I hired here? What art  
thou, a full moon, or a moon calf?

*Buf.* No, no, 'tis a dry Stock-fish, that  
must be beaten tender.

*Velas.* Was ever man so much a slave  
as I?

*Pyn.* Does *Saturn* wince? Down with  
him, let *Charles* his wayn run over his  
North pole; it shall be justified too.

*Gro.* Now, Sir, having taken a little  
breath, have at ye once more, and I have  
done. *Enter*



## or the Excellency of her S E X.

*Enter Mopas and Lodovico.*

*Mop.* Clubs, clubs, I have been the death of two Brewers horses, and two catch-poles, my self, and now be try'd by two fools and ten knaves: O monstrous base, horrible, is my lord past recovery?

*Velas.* Hold, prethee, fellow hold, I have no sword,  
Or if I had, I dare not strike again.

*Buf.* U'ds bones, were ye an invincible Armado,

Ide pound ye all like brown paper rags.

*Lodov.* Let me be stricken blind! The shame of fate;

*Velasco,* baffled, and not dare to strike!

Dogs, drunken dogs, I'll whip ye to your kennels.

*Velas.* Nay good, forbear.

*Mop.* Bilbo come forth and shew thy foxes tayl.

Nay, nay, give me liquor, and I'll fight like a rorer.

*Pyn.* Keep standing ho; the Almanack says plainly 'tis no season to be let blood, the sign is mortal. Hold!

*Alph.* Yes I command. Uncivil ill bred beasts.

How dares ye turn our pallace to a booth?

How dare the proudest of ye all lift up A hand against the meanest of those creatures

Whom we do own for ours? Now, now you spit

The ancient rancor of you bitter galls  
Wherewith you strove to wound us heretofore.

*Lodov.* We are abus'd, My Lord.

*Alph.* Fellow, Thou lyest.

Our Royal eyes beheld the pride and malice

Of thee *Velasco*; who in hate to us  
Deny'st to honour our remembrance, though

But in a pledg'd health.

*Velas.* Therein I was wrong'd.

*Alph.* No, therein all thy cunning could not hide

The rage of thy malicious heart to us;  
Yet know, for tryal of thy love we caus'd  
This onser, we will justify the height  
Of thy disgraces; what they did was  
ours.

Hence Coward, baffled, kickt, despis'd  
and spurn'd.

*Buf.* Hang thy self; a pox on thee.

*Exit Alphonso, Muretto,  
Pynto, Bufa, Groom.*

*Lodov.* O y'are undon: What Devil,  
Hag, or Witch  
Hath stoln your heart away?

*Velas.* I cannot tell.

*Lodov.* Not fight 'tis enough to shame  
us all.

*Velas.* Happy was I, that living liv'd  
alone,

*Velasco* was a man then, now is none.

*Exeunt.*

*Mop.* Is't even so, no man now; then I  
smell how things stand: I'll lay my life,  
his lady sweet heart hath given him the  
Gleek, and he in return hath gelded  
himself, and so both lost his courage and  
his wits together. *Exit.*

*Enter Queen, Almado, Collumello,  
Petruchi and Herophil.*

*Qu.* Speak o're the words again; and  
good my lord

Be sure you speak the same, the very  
words;

Our Queen, our vertuous Queen; Was't  
so?

*Alm.* Just so;

And was withal in carriage so most  
kinde,

So Princely, that I must do wrong to  
gratitude,

In wanting action to express his love.

*Qu.* I am the happiest she that lives.

*Petruchi,*

Was I mistook or no? Why good my  
lords,

Observe it well. There is a holy league  
Confirm'd and ratify'd 'twixt Love and

Fate.

This sacred Matrimonial tye of hearts,

Call'd marriage, has Divinity within't.

Prethee, *Almado*, tell me, smil'd the King  
When he commended to me?

*Alm.* Madam, yes;

And affably concluded all in this;

Commend us, and report us as you find.

*Qu.* For loves sakes, no man prattle  
of distrust.



# The QUEEN,

It shall be treason whosoever says  
The King's unkinde. My thinks I am all  
air,  
My soul has wings.

*Petr.* And we are all o'rejoy'd  
In this sweet reconciliation.

*Qu.* Wee'll visit him (my Lords) in  
some rich mask  
Of rare device, as thus; Pish, now I  
think on't,  
The world yeelds not variety enough  
Of cost, that's worthy of his Royal eyes,  
Why *Herophil*?

*Her.* Here, Madam.

*Qu.* Now beshrew me  
But I could weep for anger--If 'twere  
possible  
To get a chariot cut out of a rock,  
Made all of one whole Diamond, drawn  
all on Pavements  
Of pearls and amber, by four Ivory  
steeds  
Of perfect Christal; this were worth  
presenting.

Or some bright cloud of Saphirs--Fy  
you are all

So dull, you do not love me.

*Col.* Y'are transported  
To strange impossibilities: our service  
Shall wait upon your happiness.

*Qu.* Nay, nay,  
I know you laugh at me, and well you  
may;  
I talk I know not what. I would 'twere  
fit

To ask one question of ye.

*All.* Madam, any thing.

*Qu.* You'll swear that I am Idle, yet  
you know

'Tis not my custom; Look upon me  
well;

Am I as fair as *Herophil*?

*Petr.* Yes, Madam,  
Or any other creature else alive.

*Qu.* You make me blush in troth. O  
would the King

Could see me with your eyes. Or  
would I were

Much courser then I am to all the  
world;

So I might onely seem more fair to him.

*Enter Velasco and Lodovico.*

See here come more. *Velasco*, thou art  
welcom.

Welcom kinde *Lodovico*. You I know  
Bring fresh supplies of comfort; do not  
cloud

Your news with circumstance: Say, doth  
the King

Expect me? Yes, good man, I know he  
does.

Speak briefly, good my Lord, and truly.

*Velasco.* Madam, Take all at once, he is  
the King;

And Kings may do their pleasures.

*Qu.* True, *Velasco*.

But I have from my heart forgot remem-  
brance

Of former passages, the world is chang'd:  
Is a' not justly royal?

*Lodov.* Would a' were, I wish it for  
your sake Madam, but my wishes and his  
inclinations are quite opposite.

*Petr.* What said you, *Lodovico*?

*Lodov.* Thus *Petruchi*. *Velasco* hath  
been by the King disgrac'd, by his mini-  
ons abused, baffled, they justified by the  
King in't. In a word; *Alphonso* is, and  
will be the scourge of *Arragon*.

*Qu.* I'll stop my ears, they shannot let  
in poyson,

Rank treacherous searching poyson.

*Alm.* 'Tis impossible.

*Qu.* Yes, 'tis impossible; but now I  
see

Y'are all agreed to curse me in the hight  
Of my prosperities. O that at once  
I could have leave to dye and shun the  
times.

*Enter Muretto.*

*Muret.* His excellent Majesty by me  
commends to your Royal hands this let-  
ter, Madam.

*Qu.* Why thus I kiss,  
And kiss again; Welcom, what ere it  
speaks.

*Muret.* That you may all conceive  
(my Lords) the Kings hearry zeal to u-  
nity and goodness, he by me intreats  
your attendance on the Queen to him:  
To you Signior, *Petruchi*, he sends this  
Diamond from his own finger.

*Petr.* You strike me into wonder.

*Muret.* I should excuse his highness  
violence



## or the Excellency of her S E X.

violence to you, my lord *Velasco*; but he says, that your own indiscretion deserv'd your late reproof: And further, (pardon me that I mince not the sum of his injunction) he says your cowardice is now so vulgarly palpable, that it cannot stand with his honour to countenance so degenerating a spirit.

*Velas.* I thank him; yet, if you remember well;

Both he and you prov'd me another man.

*Qu.* The sweetest letter that ever was writ:

Come we must to the King--How!

'Tis my ring,

The first ring that I ever gave the King.

*Petruchi*, I must have it.

*Petr.* 'Twas the King sent it:

I mean to yeeld it back again.

*Qu.* No I will.

And in exchange take that of equal value;

But not with me, 'cause it comes from my husband.

Let's slack no time, this day shall crown our peace.

*Exit all but Velasco and Lodovico.*

*Lodov.* You see my Lord how the world goes.

What your next course?

*Velas.* Would I could leave my self, I am unfit

For company of men: Art thou my friend?

*Lodov.* I cannot tell what I am, your patient humor indeed perswades me I am nothing.

Ladies little puppy dogs shortly will break your shins with milke-sops, and you dare not cry, come out cur. Faith tell me for our wonted frindships sake; hath not this Madam sweet heart of yours a share in your Meramorphosis?

*Velas.* You are unkinde, as much as in a thought,

To wrong her vertue. *Lodovico*, no; I have resolv'd never to fight again.

*Lodov.* 'Tis a very safe resolution: but have you resolv'd never to be beaten again?

*Velas.* That goodly sound of gallant valiant man

Is but a breath, and dyes as soon as utter'd.

I'll seek my fame henceforward in the praise

Of sufferance and patience, for rash man-hood

Adds onely life to cruelty, yet by cruelty

Takes life away, and leaves upon our souls

Nothing but guilt, while patience if it be

Sett'd, doth even in bondage keep us free.

*Lodov.* Excellent morality; but good my Lord, without more circumstance, the cause, let me know the ground and cause on't.

*Velas.* My will, or if you please my cowardice,

More ask not, more, I vow, you shall not know.

*Enter Mopas.*

*Mop.* O Fy, fy, I were better be the Hangmans deputy, then my Lord *Velasco's* Gentleman usher; all the streets as I pass whoor at me, and ask me if I be so valiant as my master the coward; they swear their children carry wooden daggers to play a prize with him, and there's no talk but of the arrant coward *Velasco*.

*Velas.* I care not, let 'em talk.

*Mop.* Care not? By these hilts, I had rather then a hundred ducates, I had but as much spirit: as to have drawn upon a couple of men in Ginger-bread, which a hucksters crook'r legged whorson ape held up, and swore they were two taller fellows then you are.

*Lodov.* Your readiest way were to get you into a cloyster; for there's no going to Court:

*Mop.* Yes, to have our brains rubb'd out with the heel of a brown mancher.

*Velas.* As, y'are my friend forbear to come more neer me. *Exit Velasco.*

*Lodov.* Gone so quickly? *Mopas* I'll finde out this mystery, and thou shalt be the instrument.

*Mop.* Shall I? Why agreed, let me alone



# The QUEEN,

alone for an instrument, be it a winde or  
string'd instrument, I'll sound at one  
end or other I'll warrant ye.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Alphonso, Pynto, Bufo.*

*Alph.* Are all things ready as we gave  
charge?

*Pyn.* Yes all, and the face of the hea-  
vens are passing favourable.

*Alph. Bufo,* Be it thy care, the watch  
word given,

To seize *Petruchi* suddenly.

*Bufo.* If the Devil be not in him, I'll  
make him fast enough.

*Alph.* Mean time wee'll take our  
place, they are at hand.

Some sound our choicest musick t'enter-  
tain

This Queen with all the seeming forms  
of State. *Loud Musick.*

*Enter Queen supported by Petruchi,  
Herophil, Collumello, Almada,  
and Muretto.*

*All.* All joy to Aragon's great King.

*Alph.* You strive to act in words (my  
lords) but we our self  
Indeavor rather how to speak in act.

Now is a time of peace of amity.

The Queen is present; Lady, seat you  
here,

As neer, as if we plac'd you in our heart,  
Where you are deep inthron'd.

*Qu.* As you in mine,  
So may I ever live in yours, my Lord.

*Alph.* How so? You are too charita-  
ble now,

That covet but equality in love;  
A cold, a frozen love; for I must think  
The streams of your affections are dry'd  
up,

Or running from their wonted chan-  
nels, range  
In lawless paths of secrecie and stealth;  
Which makes us love you more.

*Qu.* I would your words  
Dissented not from your resolved  
thoughts  
For then (if I mistake not) you would  
feel

Extremity of passion, which indeed  
Is noble jealousy.

*Alph.* Are you so plain?

I thank you Madam; lend me your fair  
hand,

What's here? O my presages! Whence  
got you this ring?

*Qu.* This ring, my lord?

*Alph.* This ring, my lord!

By honours reverend crest 'tis time to  
wake.

Art thou not pale, *Petruchi*?

*Petr.* Gracious, Sir.

This is the ring you sent me by *Muretto*,  
Which 'cause it came from you, the  
Queen would needs

Exchange it for another of her own.

*Alph.* True, 'cause it came from me, I  
take it so,  
And grant ye, know the word. 'Tis won  
and lost.

*Enter a Guard, Bufo with them seize  
Petruchi; Pynto the Queen.*

*Petr.* What mean ye, Helhounds?  
Slaves, let go my sword.

*Bufo.* Keep in your chaps, and leave  
scolding, my small friend, 'tis now no  
time to wrangle or to rore.

*Qu.* Nay, nay, with what you please I  
am content.

*Col.* What means your Highness?

*Alm.* wronge not Majesty  
With such unnobel rigour.

*Alph.* O, my lords,  
The weight of all this shame falls hea-  
viest here

In my afflicted bosome. Madman like  
I would not credit, what mine ears had  
heard,

From time to time of that adulterous  
woman.

For this have I liv'd widowed from her  
bed,

Was deaf to proofs, to oaths, and ever  
thought

That whoredom could not suit her self  
so trimly

On vertues outside. But *Petruchi* there  
Hath a loud speaking conscience, can  
proclaim

Her lust, and my dishonour

*Petr. Grant*



or the Excellency of her S E X.

*Petr.* Grant me hearing.

*Alph.* Away with him to prison, make him fast

On pain of all your lives.

*Buf.* Come, Sir, there is no playing fast and loose, which fit a ducat now.

*Exit Bufo with Petruchi.*

*Col.* But what now for the Queen?

*Alph.* As she deserves.

*Alm.* Our law requires a clear and open proof,  
And a judicial trial.

*Alph.* Yes to subjects

It does, but who among you dares speak justice

Against your natural Sovereign? Not one.

*Pyn.* Your Majesty hath most wisely considered that point.

*Muret.* I have stood silent all this while, and cannot but with astonishment and unutterable grief bear a share of sadness in these disasters. But, Madam, be not altogether dejected on your part: there is more mercy in this sovereign Prince, then that you should any way distrust.

*Qu.* Nay, even proceed and question me no more.

*Alph.* I will be gentle to you, and the course

That I will take shall merit your best thanks.

If in a moneth a Champion shall appear,  
In single opposition to maintain  
Your honor; I will be the man my self  
In person to avouch this accusation:  
And which of us prevails, shall end this strife.

But if none come, then you shall lose your head.

Mean time your usage shall be like a Queen.

*Muret.* Now by the life of honour, 'tis a most Princely tryal, and will be worth you eternal memory.

*Qu.* Where must I then be led?

*Alph.* No where but here

In our own palace; and as I am King,  
None worse then I shall be her Guardian.

*Alm.* Madam, Heaven is the Guardian of the just;

You cannot miss a Champion.

*Qu.* E're I go,

May I entreat a word?

*Alph.* O yes, you may.

*Qu.* *Collumello* and *Almada*, hear me,  
I speak to you, and to your fellow Peers,  
Remember both by oaths and by allegiance

You are my subjects.

*Both.* Madam, true, we are.

*Qu.* Then as you ever bore respect or truth

To me as to your Sovereign, I conjure ye  
Never to levy arms against the King,  
Singly or openly, and never else  
To justify my right or wrong in this.  
For if you do, here I proclaim ye all  
Traytors to loyalty and me: for surety,  
I crave your oaths a new.

*Both.* Since you enforce us,  
We swear: and heaven protect you.

*Qu.* Let me be gone.

*Alph.* Well as they please for that:  
*Mureto*, follow.

*Exit all but Almada and Collummello.*

*Alm.* Hete is fine work, my lord.

What's to be done?

*Col.* Stand still while this proud Tyrant cuts our throats.

*Alm.* She's wrong'd, and this is one-ly but a plot.

*Velasco*, now might binde his Country to him;

But he is grown so cowardly and base,  
That boys and children beat him as they list.

*Col.* I have be thought me, we, with th' other Peers,

Will set a proclamation out, assuring  
What worthy Knight soever undertakes,  
By such a day, as Champion for the Queen.

Shall have a hundred thousand ducats paid,

Withal, what honors else he shall demand.

*Alm.* This must be speeded, or 'twill come to late.

*Col.* It shall be suddain: Here our hope must stand;

*Kings command Subjects; Heav'n doth Kings command.*

*Exeunt.*

Act IV.



# The QUEEN,

## ACT IV.

*Enter Salassa and Shaparoen.*

*Salaf.* A coward? 'tis impossible; *Velasco* a coward? The brave man? The wonder of the time? Sure, *Shaparoen*, 'tis a meer scandal rais'd by an enemy.

*Shap.* 'Tis most certain, most apparent; Taylors, Prentizes, nay, Bakers and Weavers; (things that drink cannot put spirit into, they are such mighty bread-eaters) they as I am an honest woman, fling old shoes at him, and he dares not turn back to give an angry word.

*Salaf.* I had been sweetly promoted to such a rante Champion.

*Shap.* Gallants! Out upon 'em, 'tis your tough clown is your only raiser up of man or woman.

*Salaf.* A Proclamation is sent out for certain?

*Shap.* Most assuredly.

*Salaf.* The sum proposed, a hundred thousand ducats.

*Shap.* Present payment, without attendance.

*Salaf.* 'Tis a glorious reward -- speak low, and observe.

*Enter Mopas reading a Proclamation.*

*Mop.* Whosoever, man or woman, can, or will procure any such foresaid defendant, against the said day; let them, him, or she repair to the said lords of the Council, and give in such sufficient assurance for such defence, and they or any of them shall receive a hundred thousand ducats in ready cash; with what honors may give them, him, or her content or satisfaction.

O that I durst be valiant: A hundred thousand. A hundred thousand; how it rumbles in my chops.

*Salaf.* Prethee, a word, my friend.

*Mop.* Sweet Lady, all fair weather upon ye.

As for you, Madam, time was, I recom-

mend to your ancient remembrance, time is past: with my service forwards and backwards, when 'tis time present, resting yours in the whole *Mopas*.

*Shap.* Very courtly and pithy.

*Salaf.* Pray let me view your paper.

*Mop.* 'Tis your ladiships.

*Shap.* Some proclamation as I take it.

*Mop.* Madam Reverence, you have taken it in the right cue.

*Salaf.* I am o'rejoy'd; there's gold for thy news. Friend. I will make thee the happiest and most welcom messenger to thy lord, that ever received thanks from him; without delay, wait on me for instructions.

*Mop.* I am at your ladiships beck.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Alphonso, and Muretto.*

*Muret.* True, true, Sir, you are set high upon the stage for action. O the top of my ambition, my hearts Idol!

What a perplexity are you twin'd into? And justly; so justly, that it is hard to judge, whether your happiness were greater in the possession of an unmatchable beauty, or your present misery, by inforcing that beauty to expose her honor to so apparent a contempt: This is not the least, that might have been in time prevented.

*Alph.* O I am lost *Muretto*, my sunke eyes

Are buried in their hollows: busie thoughts

Press on like legions of infernal hags

To menace my destruction: Yet my judgment

Still prompts my senses, that my Queen is fair.

*Muret.* Fair! Unspeakable workmanship of Heavens bounty. Were all the skilfullest Painters that ever discern'd colours, moulded into one, to perfect an Artist. Yet that Artist should sooner want fanisie or imagination, for personating a curious medal, then ever to patern a counterfeit so exquisitely excellent, as is the Queen by nature.

*Alph.* I have surveyed the wonder of her cheeks,

Compar'd them with the lillies and the rose  
And



## or the Excellency of her SEX.

And by my life, Muretto, Roses are  
Adulterate to her blush, and lilies pale,  
Examin'd with her white; yet, blear  
eyed fool,  
I could not see those rarities before  
me.

Muret. Every man is blind (my lord)  
in his own happiness, there's the curse  
of our mortality.

She was the very tale of the world:  
Her perfections busied all tongues.  
She was the only wish of Europe's chief-  
est Monarchs.

Whose full fruition you (and 'twas your  
capital sin) most inhumanly abandoned.

Alph. Villain, Petruchi, let me for ever  
curse him: Had he not been the man;  
who else had durst to hazard a denial  
from her scorns?

Muret. See now herein you are mon-  
strous discourteous; above excuse; why,  
Sir, what hath Petruchi done? Which  
(from any King to a Vassal) all men would  
not eagerly have persued. Alas, my lord,  
his nobleness is eternal, by this means, in  
attempting and his felicity unmatched,  
in injoying the glory of his time, a beau-  
ty conquering, so unparalell'd.

Alph. She is superlative.

Muret. Divine.

Alph. Rich, bright.

Muret. immortal.

Alph. Too too worthy for a man.

Mur. The Gods might enjoy her.

Alph. Nature ne'er fram'd so sweet a  
creature.

Muret. She is self Nature's Nature.

Alph. Let me for ever curse the frail  
condition  
Of our deluded faculties: Muretto,  
Yet being all, as she is all, her best  
Is worst considering that she is a wan-  
ton.

Muret. Build you a Palace, arch it  
with Diamonds, roof it with Carbun-  
cles, pave it with Emraulds, daub it  
with Gold, furnish it with all what cost  
can lay on, and then seal up the doors,  
and at best 'tis but a solitary nest for  
Owles and Daws.

Beauty was not merely created for won-  
der, but for use: 'Tis you were in the

fault; 'tis you perswaded her, urg'd,  
compell'd, inforc'd her: I know it, my  
truth and plainness trumpets it out to  
ye: Besides, women (my lord) are all  
creatures, not Gods nor Angels.

Alph. I must confess 'tis true, yet by  
my Crown  
She dyes, if none defend her, I'm re-  
solv'd.

Muret. 'Tis a heroical disposition, and  
with your honour she cannot, must not  
live. Here's the point; If she live and you  
receive her to favour, you will be a no-  
ted Cuckold; which is a recognizance  
dishonourable to all, but to a King fearfully  
infamous. On the other side, if you  
prevail, and she be put to death, you do  
as it were deprive the Firmament of the  
Sun, and your self of the treasure of the  
whole earth.

Alph. Right, right, Muretto, there thou  
strikest the wound  
Too deeply to be cur'd, yet I must do't.  
I would fain see her now.

Muret. Pray do, Sir; and let Petruchi  
come face to face to her; observe them  
both, but be very mild to both: use ex-  
tremity to neither.

Alph. Well counsell'd; call them hi-  
ther, but none with them:  
Wee'll strive with grief; Heaven! I am  
plung'd at full.

Never henceforward shall I slumber out  
One peaceful hour; my enraged blood  
Turns coward to mine honour. I could  
wish

My Queen might live now though I did  
but look  
And gaze upon her cheeks, her ravishing  
cheeks.

But, oh, to be a Cuckold; 's death, she  
dyes.

Enter at one door Petruchi, and the  
other Muretto and the Queen, they  
stand at several ends of the  
Stage.

Muret. My gracious Lord.

Alph. Reach yond fair sight a chair,  
That man a stool, sit both, wee'll have  
it so.

Mur. 'Tis Kingly done; in any case  
E (my



# The QUEEN,

(my lord) curb now a while the violence of your passion, and be temperate.

*Qu.* Sir, 'tis my part to kneel, for on your brow  
I read sad sentence of a troubled wrath,  
And that is argument enough to prove  
my guilt, not being worthy of your favour.

*Petr.* Let me kneel too, though not for pardon, yet  
In duty to this presence: else I stand  
As far from falsehood, as is that from truth

*Muret.* Nay, Madam, this not the promise on your part.

It is his pleasure you should sir.

*Qu.* His pleasure is my law.

*Alph.* Let him sit too, the man, } *Both*

*Petr.* Sir, you are obey'd. } *sit.*

*Alph.* Between my comforts and my shame I stand

In equal distance; this way let me turn  
To thee thou woman. Let me dull mine eyes

With surfeit on thy beauty. What art thou

Great dazeling splendor; Let me ever look

And dwell upon this presence.

*Muret.* Now it works.

*Alph.* I am distract. Say? What!  
Do not, do not--

*Muret.* My lord the King--Why, Sir?--  
He is in a trance, or else metamorphis'd  
to some some pillar of marble: How fix-  
edly a stands.

D'ee hear, Sir? What d'ee dream on?  
My lord, this is your Queen speak to her:

*Alph.* May I presume with my irreve-  
rent lips

To touch your sacred hand.

*Qu.* I am too wretched  
To be thought but the subject of your mirth.

*Alph.* Why she can speak, Mureto? O  
tell me pray,

And make me ever, ever fortunate;  
Are you a mortal creature? Are ye in-  
deed

Moulded of flesh and blood like other  
women?

Can you be pittiful? Can ye vouchsafe  
To entertain fair parley? Can you love,  
Or grant me leave to love you; can you,  
say?

*Qu.* You know too well, my lord, in-  
stead of granting,  
I ow a duty, and must sue to you,  
If I may not displease.

*Alph.* Now I am great,  
You are my Queen, and I have wrong'd  
a merit,

More then my service in the humblest  
lowness

Can ever recompence. I'll rather wish  
To meet whole hosts of dangers, and en-  
counter

The flabled whips of steel, then ever  
part

From those sweet eyes: not time shall  
sue divorce

'Twixt me and this great miracle of Na-  
ture.

*Mureto?*

*Muret.* Sovereign Sir.

*Alph.* I'll turn away,  
And mourn my former errors--Worse  
then death

Look where a Basilisk with murthering  
flames

Of poyson, strikes me Blinde. Infatiate  
temper,

Patern of lust, 'tis thou alone hast sun-  
dred

Our lawful bride bed, planted on my  
crest

The horned Satyrs badge; hast soyld a  
beauty

As glorious as sits yonder on her front.  
Kill him, Mureto, why should he re-  
ceive

The benefit of the law, that us'd no  
law

In my dishonours?

*Petr.* Were you more a King  
Then Royalty can make you, though

opprest  
By your commanding powers, yea, and

car'd  
In bonds most falsely, yet, give me a  
sword

And strip me to my shirt, I will defend  
Her spotless vertue, and no more esteem,

In



## or the Excellency of her S E X.

In such a noble cause, an host of Kings,  
Then a poor stingle's swarm of buzzing  
flies.

*Qu. Petruchi*, in those words thou dost  
condemn

Thy loyalty to me, I shall disclaim  
All good opinion of thy worth or truth,  
If thou persevere to affront my lord.

*Petr.* Then I have done. Here's mis-  
ery unspeakable;

Rather to yeeld me guilty wrongfully,  
Then contradict my wrongs.

*Alph.* High impudence.  
Could she be ten times fairer then she is,  
Yet I would be reveng'd. You sweet,  
I would

Again--Her beams quite blast me.

*Muret.* If you will be an Eagle of the  
right acry, you must endure the Sun.  
Can you chuse but love her?

*Alph.* No by the Stars. Why would not  
you be honest, and know how I do dore?

*Qu.* May I be bold  
To say I am, and not offend?

*Alph.* Yes, yes,  
Say so for heavens love, though you be  
as fowl

As sin can black your purity. Yet tell  
me

That you are white and chaste; That  
while you live

The span of your few dayes, I may re-  
joyce

In my deluded follies, least I dye  
Through anguish, e're I have reveng'd  
my injury,

And so leave you behind me for another;  
That were intollemble.

*Qu.* Heaven knows, I me're abus'd my  
self on you.

*Petr.* As much swore I, and truly.

*Alph.* Thou proud Devil,  
Thou hast a lying tongue; They are con-  
fessed

In mischief. Get ye hence seducing  
horrors

I'll stop mine eyes and ears till you are  
gone.

As you would be more merciful, away,  
Or as you would finde mercy.

*Ex. Quen Petruchi con Mary maies.*

*Muret.* Sir, they are gone.

*Alph.* And she too then let me be seen  
no more.

I am distracted, both waies I feel my  
blame;

To leave her death, to live with her is  
shame.

*Muret.* Fare ye well King, this is ad-  
mirable, I will be chronicled, all my  
business ripens to my wishes. And if  
honest intentions thrive so successfully,  
I will henceforth build upon this assu-  
rance, that there can hardly be a greater  
Hell or Damnation, then in being a Vil-  
lane upon earth.

*Enter Lodovico, Salas, Shapardson.*

*Lodov.* I am wonder stricken--And  
were you i'faith the she indeed, that  
turn'd my Lords heart so handsomly, so  
cunningly? O how I reverence wit. Well,  
lady, you are as pestilent a piece of po-  
licy, as ever made an ass of love.

*Salas.* But, *Lodovico*, I'll take all a-  
gain quickly.

*Shap.* Yes indeed forsooth, she has the  
trick on't.

*Lodov.* You have undertaken with the  
lords already, you say.

*Salas.* I have, and my life is at stake,  
but I fear not that.

*Lodov.* Pish, you have no need; one  
smile, or kinde simper from you does all;  
I warrant ye the sight of so much gold,  
as you are to receive, hath quickned  
your love infinitely.

*Salas.* Why, Sir, I was not worthy  
of my lords love before; I was too  
poor; but now two hundred thousand  
ducats, is a dowry fit for a lord.

*Lodov.* Mary is't. I applaud your  
consideration.

'Twas neatly thought on.

*Enter Callumello and Almada.*

*Col.* Have you prevail'd yet, lady, time  
runs on,

You must not dally.

*Salas.* Good my lords, fear nothings  
Were it but two hours to't, I should be  
ready.



# The QUEEN,

*Enter Velasco very sad.*

*Lodov.* He comes himself, 'tis fit we stood unseen.

Ply him soundly, lady.

*Alm.* Let us withdraw then. *Exeunt.*

*Velas.* I cannot be alone, still I am hunted

With my confounding thoughts: Too late I finde,

How passions at their best are but fly traitors

To ruin honour. That which we call love,

Was by the wisest power above forethought

To check our pride. Thus when men are blown up

At the highest of conceit, then they fall down

Even by the peevish follies of their frailties.

*Salas.* The best of my lord Velasco's wishes ever.

Crown him with all true content.

*Velas.* Cry ye mercy, Lady.

*Salas.* I come to chide you my Lord; can it be possible that ever any man could so sincerely profess such a mightiness of affection, as you have done to me, and forget it all so soon, and so unkindly.

*Velas.* Are you a true very lover, or are you bound

For penance to walk to some holy shrine

In visitation? I have seen that face.

*Salas.* Have you so? O you are a hot lover; a woman is in fine case to weep out her eyes for so uncertain a friend, as your protestations urg'd me to conceive you: But come I know what you'll say aforehand, I know you are angry.

*Velas.* Pray give me leave to be my own tormentor.

*Salas.* Very angry, extremely angry; But as I respect perfection, tis more then I deserve.

Little know you the misery I have endured, and all about a hasty word of nothing, and I'll have it prove nothing e're we part.

*Velas.* Her pride hath made her lunatick, alas!

She hath quite lost her-wits, those are the fruits

Of scorns and mockeries.

*Salas.* To witness how indearedly I prefer your merits, and love your person; in a word, my lord, I absolve you, and set you free from the injunction I bound you in; as I desire to thrive, I meant all but for a tryal in jest.

*Velas.* these are no words of madness; whither tends

The extremity of your invention, Lady?

I'll swear no more.

*Salas.* I was too blame, but one fault (me thinks) is to be pardoned, when I am yours and you firmly mine: I'll bear with many in you.

*Velas.* So, if you be in earnest; What's the matter?

*Salas.* The sum of all is, that I know it suits not with the bravery of the lord Velasco's spirit, to suffer his Queen and soveraign stand wrongfully accused of dishonour, and dye shamefully for a fault never committed.

*Velas.* Why 'tis no fault of mine.

*Salas.* Nor shall it be of mine: Go be a famous subject; be a ransom of thy Queen from dangers; be registred thy Countries patron: Fight in defence of the fairest and innocentest princess alive: I with my heart release you.

First conquer; that done, enjoy me ever for thy wife: Velasco, I am thine.

*Velas.* Pish, you release me, all their cunning strains

Of policy that set you now a work, To treble ruin me, in life, fame, soul, Are foolish and unable to draw down A greater wrath upon my head; in troth

You take a wrong course lady.

*Salas.* Very good, Sir, 'tis prettily put off, and wondrous modestly. I protest no man hath enjoyn'd me to this task 'tis onely to do service to the State, and honour to you.

*Velas.* No man enjoyn'd you but your self?

*Salas.* None else, as I ever had truth in me.

*Velas.* Know



## or the Excellency of her S E X.

*Velas.* Know then from me, you are a wicked woman,  
And avarice, not love to me, hath forc'd  
ye

To practice on my weakness. I could  
raile,

Be most uncivil; But take all in short:  
I know you not.

*Salas.* Better and better, the man  
will triumph anon sure; Prethee, good  
dissemble no longer; I say you shall  
fight, I'll have it so: I command you  
fight, by this kiss you shall.

*Velas.* Forbear, let me in peace bid  
you forbear;  
I will be henceforth still a stranger to  
you,

Ever a stranger, look, look up, up there  
My oath is bookt, no humane power  
can free me.

*Salas.* I grant you none but I.

*Velas.* Be not deceived, I have  
Forgot your scorns; you are lost to me,  
Witness the Genius of this place, how  
e're

You tempt my constancy, I dare not  
fight.

*Salas.* Not dare to fight, what not for  
me?

*Velas.* No Lady.  
I durst not, must not, cannot, will not  
fight.

*Salas.* O me undone.

*Velas.* What ayles you?

*Salas.* Now my life  
Hath run it's last for I have pawn'd it Sir  
To bring you forth as champion for the  
Queen.

*Velas.* And so should have the pro-  
mis'd Gold.

*Salas.* I, I.

*Velas.* You have reveng'd my wrongs  
upon your selfe.

I cannot helpe you, nay alas you know  
It lay not in me.

*Salas.* O take pitty on mee,  
Look heere, I hold my hands up, I bend  
my knees,

Heaven can require no more.

*Velas.* Then kneel to heaven  
I am no God, I cannot do you good.

*Salas.* Shall not my tears prevayle?

hard-hearted Man.

Dissembler, loves dishonour, bloody but-  
cher

Of a poor Lady, be assured my Ghost  
Shall haunt thy soule when I am dead.

*Velas.* Your curse

Is false upon your own head, herein  
show

A noble piety, to beare your death  
With resolution, and for finall answer  
Lady I will not fight to gain the world.

*Exit.*

*Salas.* Gone! I have found at length  
my just reward,

And henceforth must prepare to welcom  
Death.

*Velas.* I begin to love thee now.

Now I perceive thou art a noble man,  
Compos'd of Goodnes, what a foole was I?  
It grieves me more to loose him then to  
die.

*Enter Almada, Columello, Lodovico,  
Shapron.*

*Coll.* Lady we have heard all that now  
hath past,

You have deceav'd your selfe and us,  
the time

We should have spent in seeking other  
means.

Is lost, of which you are the cause.

*Alm.* And for it

The senats stricke decree craves execu-  
tion,

what can you say?

*Salas.* My Lords I can no more  
but yield me to the law.

*Shap.* O that ever you were born, you  
have made a sweet hand on't, have you  
not.

*Lodov.* Here is the right recompence  
of a vain confidence, Mistresse: But I  
will not torture you being so neer your  
end, lady say your prayers and die in  
Charity, that's all the pitty I can take  
on ye *Exit Lodovico.*

*Coll.* Ten times the gold you should  
have had, now Lady cannot release you.

*Alm.* You alone are the  
Ruins your country. Heres the price  
of sin,

I'll thrust, all loose in seeking all to win.

*Exit. all but Shapron.*

*Shap.* Nay



# The QUEEN,

*Shap.* Nay even go thy ways, 'tis an old proverbe that leachery and covetousnes go together, and 'tis a true one too, But I'll shift for one. If some proper squire or lusty yeoman have a mind to any thing I have about me, 'a shall soon know what to trust too for I see the times are very troublesome.

*Enter Pyns.*

*Pyn.* Now is the prosperous season when the whole round of the planets are coupling together. Let birds and beasts observe valentines day, I am a man and all times are with me in season, this same Court ease hath sett my blood on tiptoe, I am Madder then a march hare.

*Shap.* Blessing on your fair face, your handsome hand, your clean foot sir, are you a Courtier sir?

*Pyn.* Good stars direct me, sweet woman, I am a Courtier, if you have any suit, what is't, what is't? be short.

*Shap.* Lord what a Courteous proper man 'a is, trust me, 'a hath a most eloquent beard. -- Suit Sir, Yes Sir, I am a countrey gentlewoman by father and Mothers side, one that comes to see fashions and learne newes. And How I pray sir (if I may be so bold to aske) stand things at Court Sir now a dayes?

*Pyn.* A very modest necessary and discreet Question.

Indeed Mistris Countrey-Gentlewoman, things at Court stand as they were over wont, some stiffe and some slacke, every thing according to the imployment it hath.

*Shap.* Mary, the more pittie sir, that they have not all good doing a like, methinkes, they should be all and at all times ready heer.

*Pyn.* You speake by a figure, by your leave, in that.

But because you are a stranger, I will a little more amply informe you.

Heer at our Courts of Arragon, Schollars for the most part are the veriest fooles for that they are allways beggerly and proud. And foolish citizens, the wisest schollars for that they never run at charges for greater learning to cast up their

reck'nings, then their Horn-booke. Here every old lady is cheaper then a proctor, and will as finely convey an open act, without any danger of a consistory. Love and money sweepe all before them, be they cut or longtaye. Do not I deserve a kisse for this discovery Mistris.

*Shap.* A kisse, O my dear chastity, yes indeed forsooth, and I pray please your selfe.

*Pyn.* Good wench by venus, but are you any thing rich?

*Shap.* Rich enough to serve my turn.

*Pyn.* I see you are reasonable fair.

*Shap.* I ever thought my selfe so!

*Pyn.* Will you survey my lodgings?

*Shap.* At your pleasure sir being under your gard as I am.

*Enter Mopas and Bufs.*

*Buf.* Sirrha Mopas, If my mistresse say but the word, thou shalt see what an employe, I will doe.

*Mop.* You'll undertake it you say, though your throat be cut in your own defence, 'tis but manslaughter, you can never be hang'd for it.

*Buf.* Nay I am resolute in that point, heer's my hand, let him shrink, that list, I'll not flinch a hayres breadth Mopas.

*Mop.* What, old huddle and twang so close at it, and the dog dayes so neer, Heark ye, your lady is going the way of all flesh. And so is that schollard with you methinkes, though not in the same end, is 'a not?

*Shap.* 'A has promist to tell me my fortune at his chamber, and do me some other good for my ladies safety.

*Pyn.* I have spoken, the planets shall be rul'd by me, Captain, you know they shall.

*Buf.* Let the planets hang themselves in the elements, what cared I have other matters to trouble my braines.

*Mop.* Signior Pyn take her to you, as true a mettall'd blade as ever was turn'd into a dudgion, hearken in your care.

*Enter Lodovico and Herophil.*

*Lodov.* I know not how to trust you, you are all so fickle so unconstant.

*Her.* If



## or the Excellency of her S E X.

*Herop.* If I faile  
Let me be mark't a Strumpet.

*Lodov.* I apprehend you use him kind-  
ly still,  
See where 'a is, Captain you are well  
meet,

*Herop.* 'Tis one whose heart you have.

*Herop.* He knowes he has.

*Bus.* Why by my troth I thanke you  
forsooth, 'tis more of your curtesie then  
my deserving; but I shall study to deserve  
it.

*Herop.* I hope so, and doubt it not.

*Lodov.* Madam Cosen *Shaproon*.

*Shap.* You are welcom sir.

*Pyn.* Cosen, Nay then I smell she is a  
gentlewoman indeed.

*Mop.* Yes, and as antiently descended  
as Flesh and blood can derive her.

*Pyn.* I am a made man and I will have  
her.

*Herop.* You'le walke with me sir?

*Bus.* Even through fire and water.  
sweet Mistres.

*Lodov.* Let's every one to what con-  
cerns us most,  
For now's the time all must be sav'd or  
lost, *Exeunt all.*

### Act V.

#### A Scaffold

*Enter Velasco and Lodovico.*

*Velas.* This is not kindly done, nor  
like a friend.

*Lodov.* Keep your chamber then, what  
should owles and bats do abroad by day  
light? why, you are become so notori-  
ously ridiculous, that a Craven is repu-  
ted of nobler spirit amongst birds, then  
*Velasco* amongst men.

*Velas.* Why *Lodovico* dost thou tempt  
my wrongs?  
O friend, 'tis not an honor or a fame  
Can be a gain to me, though I should  
date  
To entertain this Combatt, say my fate

Did crown mine arm with conquest of  
the King,  
Put case the cause add glory to the jus-  
tice

Of my prevailing sword? what can I win?  
Saving a pair of lives I lose a soule,  
My rich soule *Lodovico*, Does not yet  
The heart even shrill within thee? All  
thy spirits

Melt into Passions, All thy manhood  
stagger

Like mine? Nay canst thou chuse but  
now confess

That this word Coward is a name of  
Dignity?

*Lodov.* Faint hearts and strong tounge  
are the tokens of many a tall prattling  
Ghossipe. Yet the truth is you have halfe  
convinced me, But to what end will you  
be a looker on the Tragedy of this shee  
Beast? it will but breed your greater  
vexation.

*Velas.* I hope not so, I looke for Com-  
fort in't.

*Lodov.* Mafs: that may be too, It can-  
not but make your melancholy a little  
merry, to see the woodcockes neck  
caught in a worse noose, then shee had  
set for you.

*Velas.* That's but a poor revenge, I'de  
rather weep  
On her behalfe, but that I hope her cou-  
rage

Will triumph over Death.

*Lodov.* My Lord they come.

*Velas.* Let me stand back unseen, Good  
Angells guard her.

*Velasco* Muffles himselfe.

*Enter executioner before Salassa, her*

*Marye loose, after her, Almada,*

*Collingello and officers.*

*Alm.* Tis a sad welcom.

To bid you welcome to the stroak of  
Death.

Yet you are come too't Lady.

*Coll.* And a curse.

Throughour the land will be your ge-  
nerall knell,

For having bin the wilfull overthrow,

Fifth of your Countreys Champions, next  
your Queen,

My our.



# The QUEEN,

Your Lawfull Sovereign, who this very day.

Must act a part which you must act before,  
but with less guilt.

*Alm.* Use no long speeches lady,  
The danger of the time, calls us away,  
We cannot listen to your farewells now.

*Sal.* I have few words to say, my heart  
is lodg'd

In yon same upper Parliament, yet now  
If ere I part, and shall be seen no more,  
Some man of mercy could but truly  
speake

One word of pardon from the Lord *Velasco*,

My peace were made in earth, and I  
should fly

With wings of speed to Heaven.

*Alm.* Pish here's not any.

*Salas.* Not any? on then, why should  
I prolong

A minute more of life, that live so late,  
Where most I strive for love to purchase  
hate,

Beare witnes Lords I wish not to call  
back

My younger dayes in promise that I  
would

Redeem my fault and do *Velasco* right,  
But could I but reverse the doom of  
time,

I would with humblest suit make pray-  
ers to heaven

For his long flourishing welfare.

*Col.* Dispatch, dispatch;

You should have thought on this before,  
pray now

For your own health, for you have need  
to pray.

*Lodov.* Madam *Salassa*, I am bold to take  
leave of ye before your long journey: All  
the comfort that I can give you is, that  
the weather is like to hold very fair,  
you need not take much care for either  
hood or cloke for the matter.

*Salas.* Are you come? Worthy Sir,  
then I may hope

Your noble friend hath sent one gentle  
figh

To grace my funeral: For vertues sake  
Give me a life in death; tell me, O tell  
me,

If he but seal my pardon, all is well.

*Lodov.* Say ye so? Why then in a  
word, go merrily up the stagers; my  
lord *Velasco* desires Heaven may as heart-  
ily forgive him, as he does you.

*Salas.* Enough, I thank his bounty, on  
I go *goes up the Scaffold.*

To smile on horror: so, so, I'm up,  
Great in my lowness, and to witness fur-  
ther

My humbleness, here let me kneel and  
breath

My penitence: O women in my fall,  
Remember that your beauties, youth and  
pride

Are but gay tempters, 'less you wisely  
shun

The errors of your frailties: let me ever  
Be an example to all fickle dames,

That folly is no shrine for vertuous  
names.

Heaven pardon all my vanities, and free  
The lord *Velasco*, what e're come of me.  
Bless, bless, the lord *Velasco*.—Strike.

*As he is about to strike, Velasco steps out.*

*Velas.* Villain, hold, hold! Or thou  
dye'st, Slave.

*Alm.* What means that counter-  
mand?

*Lodov.* Hey, do! More news yet, you  
will not be valiant when 'tis too late, I  
trust?

*Velas.* Woman, come down: Who  
lends me now a sword?

*Lodov.* Marry, that do I, Sir, I am your  
first man; Here, here, here, take heed  
you do not hurt your fingers; 'twill  
cut plaguely: and what will you do  
with it?

*Velas.* Base woman, take thy life, thy  
curled life,

I set thee free, and for it paw a soul:  
But that I know heaven hath more store  
of mercy,

Then thou and all thy sex of sin and  
falschood.

My Lords, I now stand Champion for  
the Queen:

Doth that discharge her?

*Col.* Bravest man, it doth!

Lady, y'are safe; now, Officers away.

This is a blessed hour!

*Ex. Officers.*

*Alm.* You



## or the Excellency of her S E X.

**Alm.** You shall for ever

Bind us your servants.

**Lodov.** Aha : Why then, however things happen, let them fall, as they fall.

God a' mercy, my lord, at last.

**Col.** Hark how the people ring a peal of joy, *Shout within.*

For this good news. My lord, time steals away ;

We may not linger now.

**Salaf.** You give me life ;

Take it not, Sir, away again. I see

Upon your troubled eyes such discontent

As frights my trembling heart ; Dear

Sir,

**Velas.** The Gold

You hazarded your life for, is your own,

You may receive it at your pleasure.

**Alm.** Yes,

'Tis ready for you, lady.

**Salaf.** Gold ? Let gold,

And all the treasures of the earth besides

Perish like trash ; I value nothing, Sir,

But your assured love.

**Velas.** My love ! Vain woman,

Henceforth thus turn I from thee, never look

For Apish dotage, for a smile, a how d'ee,

A fare ye well, a thought from me : let

Snakes

Live in my bosom, and with murtherous stings

Infect the vital warmth, that lends them life,

If ever I remember thee or thine.

If I prevail, my services shall crave

But one reward, which shall be, if that ever

Thou come but in my sight, the State will please

To banish thee the land ; or else I vow, My self to leave it.

**Salaf.** My ill purchast life !

**Velas.** Ill purchast life, indeed, whose ransom craves

A sadder price, then price of bloodshed saves.

Go, learn bad woman, what it is, how foul,

By gaining of a life, to lose a soul.

The price of one soul doth exceed as far

A life here, as the Sun in light a Star.

Here though we live some threescore years, or more,

Yet we must dye at last, and quit the score

We owe to nature. But the soul once dying,

Dyes ever, ever ; no re-purifying ;

No earnest sighs or groans ; no intercession ;

No tears ; no penance ; no too late confession

Can move the ear of justice, if it doom

A soul past cure to an infernal tomb.

Make use of this *Salassa*.

**Lodov.** Think upon that now, and

Take heed, you look

My lord no more in the face.

**Salaf.** Goodness protect him ! now my life so late

I strove to save, which being sav'd I hate.

*Exeunt all.*

*Enter Alphons, armed all save the head,*

*leading the Queen, a Herald going*

*before, Muretto ; Herophil,*

*a Guard.*

**Alph.** Are you resolv'd to dye ?

**Qu.** When life is irksome

Death is a happiness.

**Alph.** Yes, if the cause

Make it not infamous : But when a beauty

So most incomparable as yours, is blemish'd

With the dishonorable stamp of whoredom :

When your black tainted name, which should have been

(Had you preserv'd it nobly) your best Chronicle,

Wherein you might have liv'd, when this is stain'd,

And justly too ; then death doth but heap

Affliction on the dying. Yet you see

With what a sympathetic of equal grief

I mourn your ruin.

**Qu.** Would you could as clearly

Perceive mine innocence, as I can clearly

Protest it.

**F.** **Alph.** Ey,



# The QUEEN,

*Alph.* Fy to justify a sin  
Is worse then to commit it, now y'are  
faultry.

*Muret.* What a royall pair of excel-  
lent creatures are heer both upon the  
castaway. It were a saint like mercy in  
you (my Lord) to remitt the memory of  
a past errour. And in you Madam (if  
you be guilty of the supposed crime) to  
submitt your selfe to the King. I dare  
promise, his love to you is so unfayned,  
that it will relent in your humility. Pray  
do, good Madam do.

*Qu.* But how if I be free?

*Muret.* By any means, for your honors  
cause do not yeeld then one jot. Let  
not the faint feare of Death deject you  
before the royalty of an erected heart.  
D'ee heare this my Lord, 'tis a doubtfull  
case, almost impossible to be decided,  
Look upon her well, as I hope to prosper,  
shee hath a most vertuous, a most in-  
nocent countenance. Never heed it. I  
know my Lord your jealousy and your  
affections wrestle together within you for  
them astery. Mark her beauty throughly.  
Now by all the power of Love, tis pittie  
Shee should not be as fair within as  
without.

*Alph.* Could that be prov'd, I'de give  
my kingdom straight  
And live a slave to her, and her perfecti-  
ons.

*Enter Almada, Columello, Attendants.*  
Lords welcome, see thus arm in arm we  
pace

To the wide theater of blood and shame  
My Queen and I, my Queen? had shee  
bin still

As shee was, mine, we might have liv'd  
too happ'ly,

For eithers comfort. Heer on this sweet  
modell,

This plott of wonder, this fair face, stands  
fixt

My whole felicity on earth. In witnes  
Whereof, behold (my Lords) those  
manly tears

Which her unkindnes and my cruell fate  
Force from their quiet springs, They  
speak aloud

To all this open ayre, their publick eyes,

That whither I kill or dy in this attempt  
I shall in both be vanquisht.

*Alm.* 'Tis strange my Lord  
Your love should seem so mighty in  
your hatred.

*Alph.* Mureto go, and guard Petruchy  
safe. *Exit Mureto.*

We must be stout now, and give over  
whineing.

He shall confesse strange things (my  
Lords) I warrant ye,

Comes not a champion yet?

*Qu.* None dares I hope.

*Coll.* The Queen you know, hath bound  
us all by Oath,

We must not undertake to combat you  
Although the cause should prove appa-  
rent for her.

*Alph.* Must not? why then y'are co-  
wards all, all base,

And fall off from your duties, but you  
know

Her follies are notorious, none dare's  
stand

To justify a sin, they see so playnely.

*Coll.* You are too hard a censurer.

*Alph.* Give me your hand, farewell,  
thus from my joy's

I part, I ever part, Yet good my Lords,  
Place her on yonder throne, where shee  
may sit

Just in mine eye, that so if strength  
should fail,

I might fetch double strength from her  
sweet beauty.

I'll heare no answers.

*Qu.* Heaven be always guard

To Noble actions *place the Queen.*

*Coll.* Heer's a medley love

That kills in Curtesie.

*Alph.* Herauld sound a } trumpet  
warning to all defendants— } sounds.

What comes no one forth:

How like you this my Lords?

Sirrah sound again. *Second sound.*

*A Trumpet within*

*Enter herauld sounding, after him Velasco*  
*arm'd all save the head, Lodovico*  
*and attendants.*

*Velasco?* ha? art thou the man? although  
Thy



or the Excellency of her SEX.

Thy cowardice hath publisht thee so  
 base,  
 As that it is an injury to honour  
 To fight with one that hath been baff'd  
 scorn'd,  
 Yet I will bid thee welcom.  
*Velas.* Nobly spoken.  
 Past times can tell you sir, I was no co-  
 ward,  
 And now the justice of a gallant quar-  
 rell  
 Shall new revive my dulnes, Yonder sits  
 A Queen as free from stain, of your dis-  
 grace,  
 As you are fowle in urging it.  
*Alph.* Thou talk'st couragiously, I love  
 thee for it,  
 And, if thou canst make good what thou  
 avouchest,  
 I'll kneel to thee, as to another nature  
*Velas.* We come not heer to chide, My  
 sword shall thunder  
 The right for which I strike.  
*Qu.* Traytor to loyalty,  
 Rash and unknown fool, what desperate  
 lunacy  
 Hath led thee on to draw thy treache-  
 rous sword  
 Against thy King, upon a ground so  
 giddy  
 That thou art but a stranger in the cause  
 Thou wouldst defend, By all my royall  
 blood  
 If thou prevailst, thy head shal answer it.  
*Coll.* Madam you wrong his truth, and  
 your own fame.  
*Alm.* You violate the liberry of armes.  
*Alph.* Pish, listen not to her, 'tis I'me  
 your man.  
*Qu.* Why foolish Lords, unsensible  
 and false,  
 Can any drop of blood be drawn from  
 him  
 My Lord, your King, which is not drawn  
 from me?  
*Velasco* by the duty that thou ow'st me  
 I charge thee to lay by thy armes.  
*Velas.* I must not,  
 Unles this man whom you call king,  
 confess  
 That he hath wrong'd your honor.  
*Qu.* Wilt thou fight then

When I command the contrary?  
*Velas.* I will.  
*Qu.* *Velasco.* heare me once more, thou  
 were wont  
 To be as pittifull as thou wert valiant,  
 I will entreat thee gentle kind *Velasco*,  
 A weeping Queen sues to thee, Doe not  
 fight,  
*Velasco*, every blow thou givest the King,  
 Wounds mee, didst ever love? *Velasco*  
 hear me.  
*Alph.* Shee must not be endur'd.  
*Velas.* Nor can shee win me,  
 Blush you my Lord at this.  
*Qu.* O let me dy  
 Rather then see my Lord affronted thus  
*Queen falls into a sound.*  
*Velas.* Hold up the Queen, she swoons.  
*Alm.* Madam Deare Madam.  
*Coll.* Can you see her and not be toucht  
 my Lord?  
 Was ever woman false that lov'd so truly  
*Alph.* 'Tis all dissimulation.  
*Velas.* You dishonour her,  
 To prove it I'll fight both quarrels now.

*Enter a herauld sounding a trumpet.*  
*after him Petruchi arm'd head*  
*and all.*

*Lodov.* Heydo? here comes more work  
 for mettall men.  
*Alm.* Another who should he be?  
*Alph.* Speake what art thou?  
*Petr.* One that am summon'd from the  
 power above  
 To guard the innocence of that fair *Queen*  
 Not more against the man that would  
 accuse her  
 Then all the world besides.  
 Th'art welcome too.  
*Velas.* You come too late friend, I am  
 he alone  
 Stand ready to defend that gracious  
 beauty.  
 You may return.  
*Petr.* Ther's not a man alive  
 Hath interest in this quarrel but my selfe,  
 I out of mine own knowledg can avouch  
 Her accusation to be meerly false,  
 As hee it selfe.



# The QUEEN,

*Qu.* What mortall man is he,  
So wilfull in his confidence, can sweare  
More then he knowes.

*Petr.* I swear but what I know.

*Alph.* Hast thou a name?

*Petr.* Yes, helpe my beaver down,  
D'ee know me now?

*Lodovico discovers him*

*Alph.* Petruchi! death of manhood,  
I am plainly bought & sold, [why wher's  
*Muretto?*

*Enter Muretto with a  
sword drawn.*

*Muret.* Here as ready to stand in de-  
fence of that Miracle of chaste women, as  
any man in this presence.

*Alph.* Are all conspir'd against me? what  
thou too?

Now by my fathers ashes, by my life  
Thou art a villain, a grosse rank'rous vil-  
lain,

Did'st not thou only first inforce my  
thoughts to jealousy?

*Muret.* Tis true I did.

*Alph.* Nay more,

Didst not thou feed those thoughts with  
fresh supplies

Nam'd every circumstance?

*Muret.* All this I grant.

*Alph.* Dost grant it, Dog, slave, Hel-  
hound?

*Muret.* Will you hear me?

*Coll.* Heare him good my Lord, let us  
perswade ye,

*Alph.* What canst thou say Impostor?  
speake and choake.

*Muret.* I have not deserv'd this my  
Lord, and you shall find it, 'tis true, I  
must confesse, that I was the only instru-  
ment to incense you to this distempera-  
ture and I am proud to say it, and say  
it again before this noble presence, that  
I was my selfe the only man.

*Alph.* Insufferable Devil!

*Alm.* Pray my Lord.

*Muret.* Wonder not my Lords, but  
lend mee your attentions, I saw with  
what violence he perswade his resolutions  
not more in detestation of the Queen in  
particular, then of all her sex in gene-

rall. That I may not weary your pati-  
ence: I bent all my Studies to devise,  
which way I might do service to my  
country, by reclayming the distraction  
of his discontents. And having felt his  
disposition in every pulse, I found him  
most addicted to this pestilence of jealo-  
sy with a strong persuation of which; I  
from time to time, ever sed him by de-  
grees, till I brought the Queen and the  
noble Petruchi into the dangers they  
yet stand in. But with all (and herin I  
appeale to your Majesties own approba-  
tion) I season'd my words with such an  
intermixing the praises of the Queens  
bewty, that from jealousy I drew the King  
into a serious examination of her per-  
fections.

*Alph.* Thus farr I must acknowledg,  
he speaks truth.

*Muret.* At length having found him  
indeed surely affected, I perceav'd, that  
nothing but the suppos'd blemish of her  
dishonour, could work a second divorce  
between them.

*Alph.* True, truly fates own truth.

*Muret.* Now my Lords, to cleer that  
imputation, I knew how easie it would  
be, by the apparent certainty it selfe, In  
all which, if I have erred, it is the error  
of a loyall service. Only I must ever ac-  
knowledg how justly I have deserved  
a punishment, in drawing so vertuous a  
princesses honor into publick question;  
and humbly referr my selfe to her gra-  
cious clemency, and your noble con-  
structions.

*Alph.* But can, can this be so?

*Muret.* Let me ever else, be the subject  
of your rage, in the sufferance of any tor-  
ture.

*Alph.* And is shee chaste Petruchi?

*Petr.* Chast by vertue,

As is the new born virgin, for ought I  
know.

*Muret.* I ever whisperd so much in  
your ears my Lord, and told you, that it  
was impossible such singular endow-  
ments by nature, should yeild to the  
corruption so much, as of an unworthy  
thought.

Did I not tell you so from time to time,

*Alph.* Lay



## or the Excellency of her SEX.

*Alph.* Lay by your arms, my lords, and joyn with me.

Let's kneel to this (what shall I call her?) Woman?

No, she's an Angel. Glory of Creation,  
*All kneel.*

Can you forget my wickedness? Your Peers,

Your Senators, your bravest men, make suit on my behalf. Why speak ye not, my lords?

I am I know too vile to be remitted, But she is merciful.

*All.* Great Sovereign Lady--

*Qu.* Be not so low, my lord, in your own thoughts:

You are, as you were, Sovereign of my heart;

And I must kneel to you.

*Alph.* But will you love me?

*Qu.* 'Tis my part to ask that: will you love me?

*Alph.* Ever, yours ever; let this kiss new marry us.

What say?

*Qu.* It does; and heaven it self can tell

I never did, nor will wrong our first loves.

*Alph.* Speak it no more. Let's rise, now I am King

Of two rich Kingdoms, as the world affords:

The Kingdom of thy beauty, and this land.

But what rests for *Muretto*?

*Qu.* I account my worthiest thanks his debt.

*Alm.* And he deserves all honor, all respect.

*Col.* Thus my imbraces

Can witness how I truly am his friend.

*Velas.* And I whilst I have life.

*Lodov.* Nay when I am dead I, will appear again, clap thee on the shoulder and cry, God a' mercy old Suresby.

*Petr.* I must ask pardon of him, still I thought

His plot had aim'd all at his own behoof,

But I am sorry for that misconceit.

*Muret.* My lords, What I have been

heretofore, I cannot altogether excuse; but I am sure my desires were alwaies honest, however my low fortune kept me down: But now I finde 'tis your honest man is your honest man still, howe the world go.

*Alph. Muretto,* Whilst I live thou shalt be neer me,

As thou deservest: And noble Gentlemen

I am in all your debts: henceforth believe me,

I'll strive to be a servant to the State.

*All.* Long live happy both.

*Alph.* But where are now my brace of new-made Courtiers, My Scholler and my Captain?

*Lodov.* I cry guilty, there is a large story depends upon their exploits, my Lord; for both they thinking in such perilous times to be shifting every man for one, have took a passing provident course to live without help hereafter. The man in the moon, Signior *Pynto*, for the raising of his fortune a Planet higher, is by this time married to a kinde of loose-bodied widow, called by Sirname a Bawde; one that if he follow wholesom instructions, will maintain him, there's no question on't, the captain for his part, is somewhat more delicately resolv'd for as adventurous (though not as frail) a piece of service. For he in hope to marry this lady, attending on the Queen, granted *Petruchi* his liberty, and by this time hath received a sufficient *quietus est*.

*Alph.* Are these my trusty servants? What a blindness was I led into!

*Lodov.* If your Highnesses both will in these daies of mirth crown the Comedy; first let me from the Queens royal gift be bold to receive *Herophil* for my wife; She and I are resolv'd of the business already.

*Qu.* With all my heart, I think her well bestow'd, If she her self consents.

*Her.* My duty, Madam, Shall ever speak my thankfulness, in this

I reckon all my services rewarded.

*Velas.* Much



## The QUEEN,

*Velas.* Much comfort to you friend.

*All.* All joy and peace.

*Lodov.* My duty to my Sovereigns, to all therest at once, my heartiest heartiest thanks. Now, lady, you are mine; why so, here's short work to begin with. If in the end we make long work, and beget a race of mad-caps, we shall but do as our fathers and mothers did, and they must be cared for.

*Enter Pynto, Bufo, Mopas, with a tire upon his head, and Shaparoon.*

*Pyn.* Follow me not bawde; my lord the King;  
My Jove, justice, justice.

*Buf.* Justice to me, I was like to have been married to these black mulchatoes instead of that lady.

*Pyn.* I to this ugly bawde.

*Both.* Justice.

*Alph.* Hence you ridiculous fools, I banish you  
For ever from my presence: Sirrah, to thee  
I give the charge, that they be forthwith stript,  
And put into such rags they came to Court in;  
And so turn'd off.

*Pyn.* Dost hear me King?

*Buf.* King hear me, I'me the wiser man.

*Alph.* No more I say.

*Mop.* Come away, come away for shame; you see what 'tis to be given to the flesh: the itch of litchery must be cured with the whip of correction.  
Away, away.

*Exeunt Bufo, Pynto, Mopas and Shaparoon.*

*Alph.* What else remains  
But to conclude this day in Hymen's Feasts?

*Enter Salassa her hair loose, a white rod in her hand, two or three with bags of money.*

To whom; for what;  
Your meaning, name, and errand?

*Salas.* At those feet  
Lay down those sums of gold, the price  
of guilt,  
Of shame, of horror.

*Qu.* What new riddle's this?

*Murette whispers the King, Collumello the Queen.*

*Muret.* My Gracious lord.

*Col.* I shall inform your Highness.

*Velas.* Woman of impudence.

*Salas.* Your looks proclaim  
My sentence banishment, or if you think

The word of banishment too hard to utter.

But turn away, my lord, and without accent

I'll understand my doom, I'll take my leave,

And like a penitentiary walk  
Many miles hence to a religious shrine  
Of some chaste sainted Nun, and wash my fin off

In tears of penance, to my last of breath.

*Velas.* You come to new torment me.

*Salas.* I am gone, my lord; I go for ever. *Going out.*

*Lodov.* Faith be merciful, the woman will prove a wife worth the having, I'll pass my word.

*Alph.* E'ne so; stay, lady, I command you, stay.

*Velasco* here's occasion proffer'd now  
For me to purchase some deserving favour

From woman; honour me in my first suit;

Remit and love that lady.

*Velas.* Good my lord.

*Alph.* Nay, nay, I must not be deny'd, my Queen

Shall joyn with me to mediate for her.

*Qu.* Yes, I dare undertake, she that presents

Her pennance in such sorrow, hearty sorrow,

Will know how to redeem the time with duty,

With love, obedience.

*Lodov.* D'ee hear, my lord; all the ladies in Arragon, and my wife among the rest, will bait ye like so many wild cats,

if



or the Excellency of her SEX.

if you should triumph over a poor yeelding creature, that does in a manner lye down to ye of her own accord. Come, I know you love her with all the very vaines of your heart.

*Muret.* There's more hope of one woman reclaim'd (my lord) then of many conceited of their own innocence, which indeed they never have but in conceit.

*Velas.* To strive against the ordinance of fate,  
I finde is all in vain : Lady, your hand,  
I must confesse I love you, and I hope  
Our faults shall be redeem'd in being  
henceforth  
True votaries to vertue, and the faith

Our mutual vows shall to each other ow.  
Say, are you mine, resolv'd?

*Lodov.* Why that's well said.

*Salas.* Yours, as you please to have me:

*Velas.* Here then ends

All memory of any former strife :  
He hath enough who hath a vertuous wife.

*All.* Long joy to both.

*Alph.* The money we return  
Where it is due ; and for *Velasco's* merits  
Will double it. Thus after storms a  
calm

Is ever welcomest : Now we have past  
The worst, and all I hope is well at last  
*Exeunt.*

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FINIS.

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